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BY JACOB HEILBRUNN

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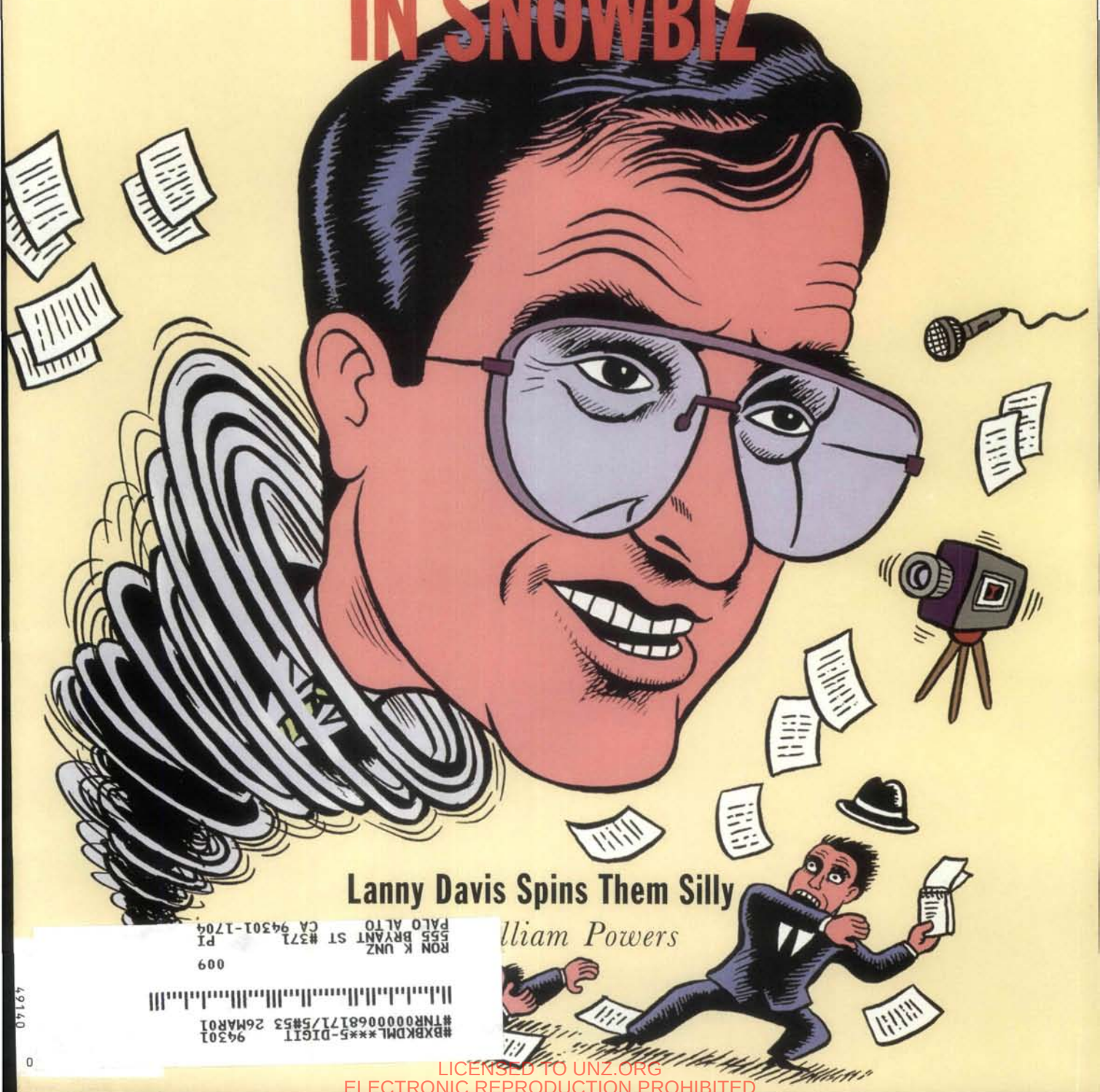

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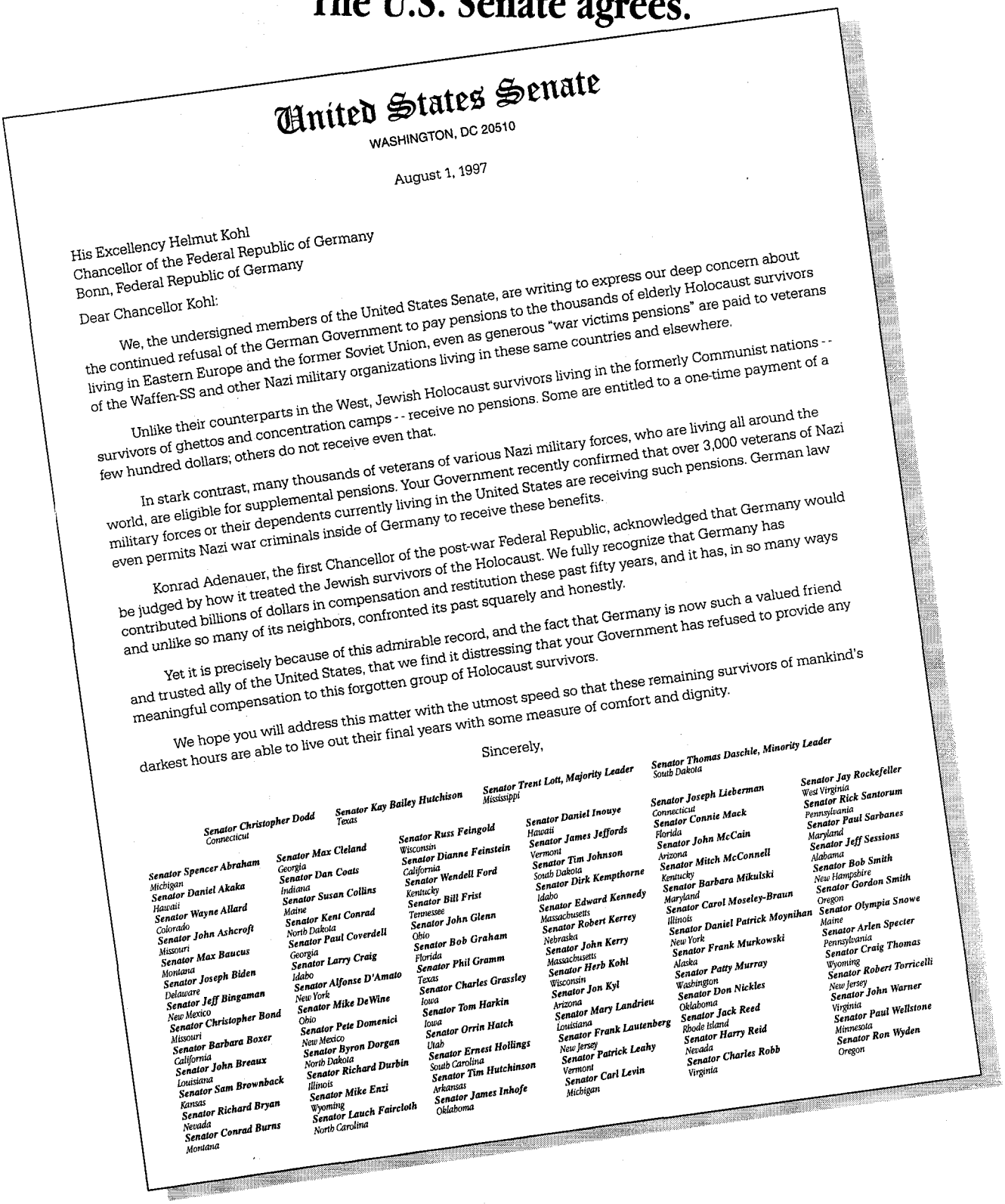
Holocaust survivors in Eastern Europe deserve pensions from the German Government.

The U.S. Senate agrees.



United States Senate

WASHINGTON, DC 20510

August 1, 1997

His Excellency Helmut Kohl
Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany
Bonn, Federal Republic of Germany

Dear Chancellor Kohl:

We, the undersigned members of the United States Senate, are writing to express our deep concern about the continued refusal of the German Government to pay pensions to the thousands of elderly Holocaust survivors living in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union, even as generous "war victims pensions" are paid to veterans of the Waffen-SS and other Nazi military organizations living in these same countries and elsewhere.

Unlike their counterparts in the West, Jewish Holocaust survivors living in the formerly Communist nations -- survivors of ghettos and concentration camps -- receive no pensions. Some are entitled to a one-time payment of a few hundred dollars; others do not receive even that.

In stark contrast, many thousands of veterans of various Nazi military forces, who are living all around the world, are eligible for supplemental pensions. Your Government recently confirmed that over 3,000 veterans of Nazi military forces or their dependents currently living in the United States are receiving such pensions. German law even permits Nazi war criminals inside of Germany to receive these benefits.

Konrad Adenauer, the first Chancellor of the post-war Federal Republic, acknowledged that Germany would be judged by how it treated the Jewish survivors of the Holocaust. We fully recognize that Germany has contributed billions of dollars in compensation and restitution these past fifty years, and it has, in so many ways and unlike so many of its neighbors, confronted its past squarely and honestly.

Yet it is precisely because of this admirable record, and the fact that Germany is now such a valued friend and trusted ally of the United States, that we find it distressing that your Government has refused to provide any meaningful compensation to this forgotten group of Holocaust survivors.

We hope you will address this matter with the utmost speed so that these remaining survivors of mankind's darkest hours are able to live out their final years with some measure of comfort and dignity.

Sincerely,

Senator Christopher Dodd, Connecticut
Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison, Texas
Senator Trent Lott, Majority Leader, Mississippi
Senator Thomas Daschle, Minority Leader, South Dakota

Senator Spencer Abraham, Michigan
Senator Daniel Akaka, Hawaii
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Senator Robert Torricelli, New Jersey
Senator John Warner, Virginia
Senator Paul Wellstone, Minnesota
Senator Ron Wyden, Oregon

The American Jewish Committee has long urged the German Government to provide pensions to Holocaust survivors in Eastern Europe. We applaud the 82 United States Senators, led by Senators Dodd and Hutchison, who have added their voices to this humanitarian appeal.

The American Jewish Committee

Robert S. Rifkind
President

David A. Harris
Executive Director

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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CORRESPONDENCE

Dayton discord

To the editors:

Susan Ellingwood's article on Bosnia ("The Dayton Game," July 14&21) unfortunately confused the Dayton agreements and their implementation. As I told her when we spoke, the Dayton agreements gave NATO forces the authority to arrest indicted war criminals. The military did not accept this as an obligation because they feared it would lead to "mission creep" and because it raised memories of the tragedy in Somalia. As Ellingwood correctly points out, the distinction between "obligation" and "authority" is critical.

Contrary to the author's assertion, however, I did not "glancingly acknowledge" this distinction. In fact, I raised it myself. Unfortunately, she either misunderstood or misrepresented my position. In this regard, the dramatic July 10 action of the British troops against two indicted war criminals, with logistical support from the United States, demonstrates one of my central points: contrary to assertions by some NATO officials, the arrest of indicted war criminals falls within the existing mandate. It does not require a new NATO authority.

Ellingwood seemed intent on proving that the Dayton agreements have *already* failed because they were conceptually flawed—or, in her words, based on an "idea manifest in its falseness, that justice could be enforced without force." This is powerful rhetoric, but again it confuses the Dayton agreement with its implementation. Those of us who were at Dayton are well aware of the agreement's shortcomings. But the specific flaw she discerns is not there—and Dayton, whatever its flaws, can hardly be termed a failure, since it ended a war. In fact, as Ellingwood must know, during August and September of 1995 the negotiating team was in the forefront of those arguing that NATO bombing was essential. Then, in the weeks just before Dayton, we took the position that the mandate and authority of the NATO-led force in Bosnia should be as broad as possible. The negotiators believed deeply that the credible threat of the use of force would be essential for success in Bosnia.

As for what has happened in Bosnia since Dayton, as I warned during the signing ceremonies in Dayton on November 21, 1995, implementation was bound to be extremely difficult. I was among the first to state publicly that the record on implementing Dayton was running seriously behind schedule. But this problem is far more a result of a failure in implementation (especially the detention of senior indicted war criminals) than the agreement itself.

Please forgive a personal point. Your author states that I "would stop at nothing to get the agreement signed ... and then walked away." None of this is remotely true. Long before the negotiations began, I had discussed with the president and Secretary of State Warren Christopher my plans to leave the government in 1995 or 1996. The negotiations took over seven months, during which, in addition to the twenty-one days of Dayton, our negotiating team made over twenty trips to each of the three Balkan capitals and countless additional trips to other cities in Europe. It was one of the most intense and complex international negotiations since World War II, and it cost us the lives of three of our nation's finest public servants—Bob Frasure, Joe Kruzel and Nelson Drew. But who would argue that Bosnia is not better off today than it was before Dayton, and that America's leadership was essential?

Furthermore, since Dayton, I have hardly "walked away." In addition to speaking out publicly on a regular basis, I serve as an unpaid adviser to Secretary of State Madeleine Albright on Bosnia-related matters, and have carried out two special missions to the region at the administration's request. I continue to work closely with Secretary Albright, National Security Adviser Sandy Berger and U.S. Special Envoy Robert Gelbard, who is responsible for implementing Dayton. All of us are committed to making Dayton work.

RICHARD HOLBROOKE
New York, New York

To the editors:

Susan Ellingwood's article on Richard Holbrooke and his role in Bosnia was truly unfair and ungrateful about his historic accomplishment. The article assumes that since Holbrooke did so much to end the fighting in Bosnia that he could have done anything. Specifically, that, had he really tried hard enough, he would have been able to get Pentagon agreement and the agreement of our NATO allies both on obligations to arrest war criminals and procedures for doing so. As much as I admire Holbrookian skills, I don't think he or anyone else could have gotten more than he did on this; namely, the authority for NATO troops to act if their political masters ordered them to do so.

Ellingwood says that what he did was to get the agreement signed, whatever its flaws, and "then walked away." In fact, when he first agreed to be assistant secretary of state for European affairs and to take on the Bosnia role, he told Presi-

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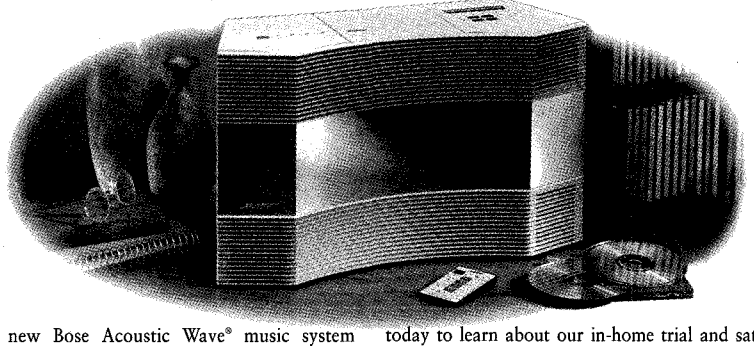

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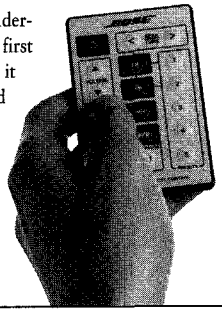

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dent Clinton and Secretary of State Christopher that he would stay only for one year for personal reasons. He stayed months longer in order to ensure that he had a good agreement in hand before he left. That the agreement did not solve all problems and that it contained ambiguities is typical of the best of agreements and does not diminish Holbrooke's achievements.

LESLIE H. GELB
New York, New York

Susan Ellingwood replies:

With all due respect to Mr. Holbrooke and Mr. Gelb, I remain convinced that Mr. Holbrooke missed a pivotal opportunity at Dayton to ensure that war criminals in the Bosnian conflict would be brought swiftly and surely to justice. Indeed, because the Dayton accords fudged the issue of how suspected war criminals would be arrested and brought to trial, it remains likely that the most infamous of the remaining sixty-six indictees—Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic—will walk free. Holbrooke's recent trip to Croatia underscored this fundamental flaw in the agreement: once again there was no "obligation" for the military to force Karadzic to abide by his pledge to remove himself from public and political life. When asked, in an interview with National Public Radio, about arresting war criminals, Holbrooke replied beleagueredly: "I believe they should do that. And I hope it will happen. And let's leave it at that." Which is exactly what seems to be happening.

Up in smoke

To the editors:

So Michael Kelly wanted us all to light up a Marlboro on the Fourth of July ("Take Your Medicine," July 14 & 21), to pledge allegiance to Philip Morris and to the strategy for which it stands: one nation, under money, with liberty and carcinomas for all. While Kelly and company protest the tobacco deal's intrusion into personal freedoms, they might also light up to the fact that "freedom to smoke" isn't a freedom at all. It's a marketing construct, the power and ubiquity of which creates the sort of saturated sensibilities that make smoking anything but a volitional act. Big Tobacco has always depicted smoking as a right and a freedom to neutralize public awareness of certain freedom-inhibiting aspects of tobacco use, such as terminal illness and death.

PALMER WILLIS
New York, New York

To the editors:

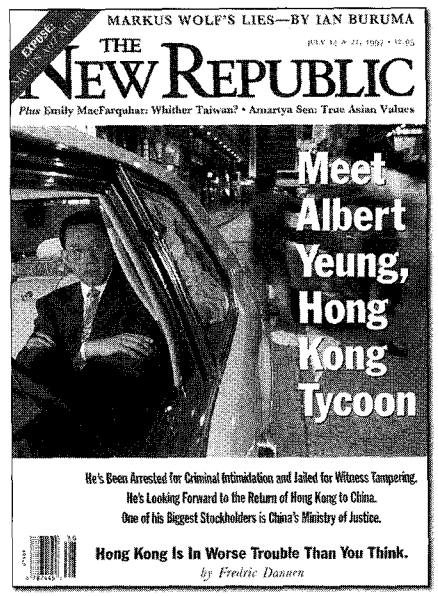
I'd like to express my most heartfelt agreement with Michael Kelly on the tobacco deal. I'm also a non-smoker, and I can no longer stand the unctuous sanctimoniousness of the new fascists at the FDA and the various "public health" groups. Thank you for a breath of fresh air.

PIERLUIGI MIRAGLIA
Youngstown, Ohio

Voodoo economics

To the editors:

The animosity Jagdish Bhagwati displays in his review of my book, *The End of Affluence* ("Fear Not," May 19), stems from his clichéd notion that it is the dashing of inflated expectations built up in the immediate post-World War II period that largely accounts for our anx-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Hong Kong Is In Worse Trouble Than You Think.
by Fredric Dannen

ieties today. In this, he betrays as little knowledge of American economic history as some of those writers he cites. The economic experience of the last twenty-five years has been markedly different from most of America's industrial history, not simply the so-called Golden Age after World War II.

Labor productivity has risen by about 1 percent a year since 1973. But between 1870 and 1973, according to data that economic historians generally agree upon, labor productivity rose by about 2.25 percent a year—an enormous difference over time. This average was not unduly raised by the immediate postwar experience. On average, between 1870 and 1910, for example, productivity rose at about the same 2.25 percent rate. The average standard of living rose much faster throughout these years as a result.

Your readers should not let Bhagwati's review leave them ignorant of such facts. Productivity has grown at a historically, even dramatically, slow rate since 1973 through varying economic conditions and public policies—high and low inflation and interest rates, near fiscal balance and federal deficits, an overvalued and undervalued dollar, and tight and loose monetary policies. This is precisely what I mean by the end of affluence. Bhagwati would do his readers a service to explain why he thinks this slowdown is of only modest consequence to them.

Perhaps Bhagwati's statement that a 14 percent average decline in wages is "not devastating" reveals a certain distance from reality. I doubt the worker who might have earned $650 a week thinks that a $100-a-week cut in wages is manageable. More important, Bhagwati passes over the fact that, for many workers, wages must have dropped by more than the 14 percent average. Tell the worker's neighbor, if you dare, that a $200 weekly cut isn't devastating. This is bad economics and bad arithmetic.

JEFFREY MADRICK
New York, New York

Jagdish Bhagwati replies:

Jeffrey Madrick's anguish is obvious, but not his arguments. I was indeed harsh on his book; but this had nothing to do with my "animosity" and everything to do with his inadequacy. I concentrated on the simpleminded and clichéd economic determinism that cripples his book: that if only we grew faster, our economic and social ills would vanish. In place of the isolated phrases that he uses to distort, even invert, my arguments, I cited a long excerpt to show that Madrick was indeed guilty as charged.

But, if growth will not solve all our problems, Madrick embarrasses himself further by making unwarranted inferences about it from crude comparisons of long-term growth rates before the First World War and after and from yet cruder explanations of the latter.

Borderlines

To the editors:

In "Eastern Exposure" (July 14 & 21), Ronald Steel implies that the ostensible purpose for expanding NATO is to guarantee the borders of the proposed new members against threats from the East. That may not be so in the case of Poland.

Remember that, during World War II, Germany and the Soviet Union divided Poland between themselves. At the end of the war, Germany was forced to relinquish its part of Polish territory, but the Soviets held on to theirs. Poland had to be compensated for her loss. At Yalta it was proposed, and at Potsdam confirmed, that the Soviet Union should extend west to the Curzon Line and that Poland be

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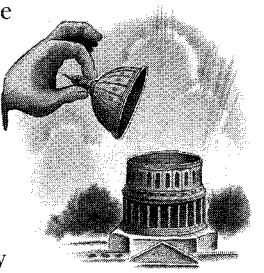
FROM WASHINGTON

A promise kept

Last August, when President Clinton signed into law the bill that promised to end welfare as we know it, many in the administration itself regarded the measure as a great gamble. To some liberals, the gamble was insupportable. The Urban Institute, in a famous study, predicted that the new law would impoverish 2.6 million people, including 1.1 million children.

Next week marks the first anniversary of the welfare bill's enactment, and the White House is trumpeting. And trumpet it should. As Bruce Reed, the president's assistant for domestic policy, boasted on August 12, the nation's welfare caseloads have been reduced by 3.4 million, or an astonishing 24 percent, since Clinton became president, and they are declining still. The rolls fell by 1.9 million in the first three and a half years, before passage of the welfare reform act, and they fell an additional 1.45 million in the nine months from the enactment of the law through May of this year, the last month for which figures are available. If the trends of the first nine months are found to have continued, Reed said, the caseload will have fallen by a total of 2 million by the end of the first full year of the welfare law. "These numbers are a stunning success, totally unprecedented in the history of welfare," said Reed. He is right.



Since the beginning of 1993, the welfare rolls in Wyoming have fallen by 68 percent; in Wisconsin, by 54 percent; in Oregon, by 48 percent; in Tennessee, by 47 percent; in Oklahoma and South Carolina, by 46 percent; in Indiana, by 45 percent; in Kansas, by 41 percent; in North Dakota, by 40 percent; in Alabama and Florida, by 38 percent; in Michigan, by 36 percent; in New Jersey and New Hampshire, by 30 percent—and so on.

There are a number of reasons for the good news, and some of them have little to do with the welfare law itself. One obvious reason is the boom economy. But the economy cannot be the primary cause. No remotely comparable decreases in welfare occurred during the fat years of the 1980s; indeed, there have been only two years in which caseloads fell by more than 250,000 in all of welfare's six decades. "The left is trying to say it is only the good economy driving this, but the last time you saw decreases of this magnitude was during the Korean War," says Robert Rector, a welfare policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation.

Another obvious cause of the good news that has nothing to do with Clinton or his welfare law was the passage of an earlier reform, the 1988 Family Support Act. It was this measure that allowed states to apply for waivers from federal welfare requirements and to begin experimenting with the work requirement programs that are an important factor in driving the rolls down. The Clinton administration's role here was the largely passive one of granting waivers.

Still, the law worked out between a Republican Congress and a Democratic president made an immense difference. It ended cash welfare as an entitlement, and it changed the enforcement role of the federal government from ensuring that states met their obligations toward a relentlessly expanding welfare state to ensuring that they meet their obligations toward shrinking the welfare state.

And the famously dire predictions of the Urban Institute? They are, it turns out, no longer operative. Sheila Zedlewski, the policy analyst who wrote the pessimistic report, now says that the number of people pushed into poverty by the law has turned out to be "significantly different" than predicted. Again, the economy helped. Also, in contravention to liberal assumptions, the states did not seize upon the opportunity of reduced federal mandates to starve their citizens. In Zedlewski's careful words, "As we have seen the Food Stamp changes play out, the number of states that have applied for and received waivers [from the requirement to force unemployed adults off the Food Stamp rolls] because of local high unemployment rates or surplus labor areas is higher than people were estimating a year ago."

But the most important factor affecting the prophecy of disaster was at least partially Clinton's doing. The 1996 law's most radical measure eliminated Supplemental Social Security aid to elderly and disabled legal immigrants. Clinton argued, in his usual amazing fashion,

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"A genuinely useful overview of just about every perspective on the UN and America's role in it." — **Charles Lichenstein**
Former U.S. Ambassador to the UN

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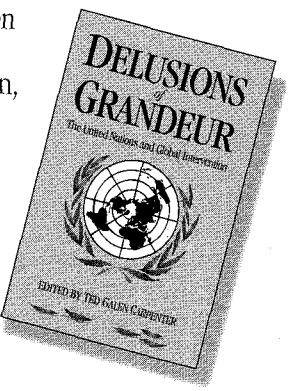

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

SEPTEMBER 1, 1997

OFFENSIVE LINE

For years this magazine has been calling on Congress to pass the line item veto—just so everyone can see how pointless the exercise really is. Now the glorious moment has come, and the script is unfolding perfectly. Even the timing is right. The threat of the line item veto has long been one of the great blunt instruments of politics, with which Republican presidents cudgeled several generations of pork-loving Democratic Congresses. In those halcyon days, when Washington's spending was as shameless as nudist volleyball, it was harder to argue against anything that might help impose discipline. But now we've gotten a little more responsible, so nobody should have trouble seeing the line item veto for what it really is: futile at best, corrosive of good government at worst.

Clinton defends the veto in the same gee-whiz way Republicans did when they passed it last year. Since congressmen can't help stuffing bacon bits into each other's mouths, it takes a man high above the trough—clean, pure, unsullied—to save us from our own gluttonous selves. "[It's a] signal that the Washington rules have changed for good," said the president, as he announced his first three vetoes, "and for the good of the American people."

The logic is at first compelling, and we must admit that it's been fun to watch the result. Try as he might, Texas multimillionaire Harold Simmons, a major Republican donor, can't come up with a scenario in which he would not have come out richer. (How could he win, anyway, with accomplices with names like the Snake River Sugar Cooperative and George Sinner?)

But the pleasure is fleeting. Washington rules may have changed, but they've only gotten more tangled. Next time Simmons tries to write himself out of the capital gains tax, he'll have to make friends with a left-leaning billionaire farmer, or else distribute his bundles more evenly—so as not to attract the president's ire. After all, there were dozens of other special tax breaks that Clinton chose to ignore. He changed his mind on vetoing a tax break for cider distillers, for example, after Senators James Jeffords and Patrick Leahy made it clear they supported it. Presidents have rarely been any more willing than Congress to cut spending. The size of their separate budgets has generally been about equal—it's the priorities that are different. All the line item veto does is put pork authority in the president's hands: what used to be merely Congress's dirty business now drags him down as well. Now the president can selectively use the veto as extra bargaining leverage with his adversaries on the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

As the symbolic high fades, so does the substantive one. The line item veto rests on the fallacy that our budget rapacity starts with pork. The veto will "ensure that national interests prevail over narrow interests," the president said. But the narrow interests he squashed amount to pennies in budgetary terms—$120 million a year out of a $1.7 trillion budget. The real waste lies in middle-class entitlements, such as Medicare. Just look at the states: in the several decades that Wisconsin has had the line item veto, governors have managed to cut budgets at the most by 2.5 percent, according to a study by James Gosling. Another nationwide study shows states with the veto are no more likely to be fiscally responsible than states without it, and that the veto is mostly used for partisan aims.

But, like most of the editorials written on the subject, we are getting ahead of ourselves. Before we get into any more knotty digressions, we should mention the fundamental. None of these scenarios may happen, because the line item veto law may well be unconstitutional. Clinton shut down this line of thinking at a press conference, when he told reporters to "look at the fact that forty-three states have this—the power for the governor—and it has been upheld in state after state after state." But, as the former law professor and governor surely knows, it's not that simple. Most of the forty-three states that established line item vetoes did so by amending their constitutions during the Progressive Era. Whether Congress can simply grant the president that right is a much stickier issue.

Simmons and his cronies have sworn to challenge the constitutionality of the veto, as have several aggrieved congressmen. We hope the Supreme Court won't uphold it. In the meantime, the president will be stuck doing what he hates most—making unpleasant, win-lose decisions, while Congress kicks back for the long summer recess. By fall, he'll be wishing for budgetary gridlock. •

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NOTEBOOK

UNSTEADY AT THE HELMS: Every time it seems William Weld is getting somewhere in his quest to be ambassador to Mexico, the Bay State Brahmin trips over one stubborn reality: he really doesn't like Jesse Helms. First, after he managed, with evident difficulty, to say diplomatic things about the Senate Foreign Relations chairman during his tour of Capitol Hill, *The Boston Globe* and *The Boston Herald* reported that his wife had donated money to Helms's liberal opponent, Harvey Gantt, in 1990 and 1996. And now, just as Senator Richard Lugar is boosting Weld's fortunes, TNR has learned that, in 1990, the staff of Weld's gubernatorial campaign plastered their office with posters for Gantt's first Senate bid. When one staffer, who had previously worked for Helms, made a stink, top Weld aides agreed under duress to make the Gantt posters less prominent. But some of them remained standing—and, unfortunately for William Weld, so did the incumbent senator from North Carolina.

SO SORRY: The legitimization of the Palestinian Liberation Organization took another historic step forward this week when the group agreed to settle a lawsuit brought by the heirs of Leon Klinghoffer. Klinghoffer was the wheelchair-bound elderly passenger aboard the Italian cruiseliner *Achille Lauro* whom Palestinian terrorists killed and dumped overboard after hijacking the ship. Ramsey Clark, covering himself in glory once again as the PLO's lawyer, expressed satisfaction that the PLO could reach agreement with "a family that's lost a loved one who is of the Jewish faith." And this politic line was maintained by Nasser al-Kidwa, the Palestinian permanent observer at the U.N., who still claims "that the Palestinian Liberation Organization had nothing to do with this tragic event." Why settle, then? Maybe because it helps to transform one of the most signally evil acts in the PLO's history into a mere civil matter, something akin to a product liability suit.

BY GHALI: During his term as United Nations Secretary General, Boutros Boutros-Ghali was often criticized for defending the moral equivalence underlying the U.N.'s shameful operation in Bosnia. But in his new job, we're glad to hear, Boutros is abandoning moral equivalence: he'll be firmly on the side of the thugs. This spring, he was nominated to be secretary-general of *La Francophonie*, the association of the world's French-speaking countries. France dominates *La Francophonie*, and the association embodies the principle that today dominates French policy toward the Third World: nothing is as important about a government as whether its leaders speak French. Nothing. In 1994, France sent troops into Rwanda to allow its crumbling Hutu government and army to flee across the border into Zaire. Yes, that government had just perpetrated one of this century's worst genocides, but it was French-speaking. The victorious rebels trying to bring the regime's leaders to justice, on the other hand, included some high-profile anglophones. Zaire's dictator Mobutu allowed the *genocidaires* to prepare for a re-invasion from refugee camps in eastern Zaire—and *La Francophonie* rewarded him with an invitation to its 1995 conference. And then, when Laurent Kabila's rebellion against Mobutu began picking up steam early this year, the French covertly paid for Serb mercenaries to fight on Mobutu's behalf. Why? Because Laurent Kabila speaks English. In taking the post, Boutros said he wanted "to transform the emotional reality of a Francophone community into a political project." He'll be glad to know the political project is well underway.

ONLINE DRUDGE: When Internet gossip "journalist" Matt Drudge used his online column to accuse Clinton adviser (and former TNR senior editor) Sidney Blumenthal of spousal abuse on August 10, it looked like another successful cyber hit-and-run job in the offing: no facts, no regrets and no consequences. But this time, Drudge—who weeks earlier had obtained and recklessly reported details from a forthcoming *Newsweek* story by investigative reporter Michael Isikoff—went a long way too far. It turns out the Blumenthal story was based on no evidence and two anonymous sources, whom Drudge has now disavowed. Drudge penned a one-sentence retraction, and then whined to *The Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz, "This is a case of [sources] using me to broadcast dirty laundry. I think I've been had." Blumenthal has threatened to sue, and he looks to have an awfully good case: even Drudge now says he has no proof that what he alleged is true. Not that Drudge is one of those fussy, old-fashioned print types who makes a fetish of truth. Of the Isikoff item he said, "I seemed to have about 80 percent of the facts." But, while Blumenthal is at it, he might also want to consider taking on America Online, the world's most popular online service, which promotes the Drudge column from its filtered, family oriented welcome pages. AOL officials were unavailable for comment when we contacted them, but it was just last month that AOL President Bob Pittman made the following statement to welcome Drudge aboard: "Matt Drudge and AOL share the same ingredients—instant, edgy information...." According to Pittman, "Drudge fits the AOL style and demographic.... You can't help but draw a parallel between Drudge and AOL." Indeed, we can't.

ECONOMICS 101:

Jobless rate up, but still at record low

From the *Herald-Dispatch* in Huntington, West Virginia. (Thanks to Grant McGuire of Huntington, West Virginia.) •

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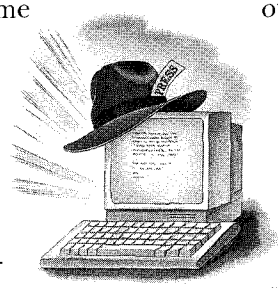
JERUSALEM DISPATCH

UNORTHODOX RIOT

By Jeffrey Goldberg

The border policeman gives me a hard push to the chest and then answers my question. "Of course I'm Jewish," he says. He has pushed me into an old woman, who loses her Hebrew prayer book and her balance. Beside me, a reporter falls to the ground and is stepped on by the police. It is the evening of Tishah b'Av at the Western Wall, and Jewish policemen, by order of the Jewish government of Benjamin Netanyahu, are shoving and beating a group of Conservative Jews off the Western Wall Plaza. It is like a Jewish soccer riot.

My own personal police officer gives me another shove. "Tell me," I say, over the shrieking of women and *haredim*, the ultra-orthodox Jews at whose behest the police are doing this dirty work, "how can you deny Jews the right to pray at the Wall?"



I had come to the Wall this evening expecting trouble. I have always been fascinated by rampaging *haredim*, and they would surely rampage at the sight of Jewish men and women praying together, which is what the Conservative group planned. Though I pray neither frequently nor enthusiastically, I am a Conservative Jew, and I don't find unreasonable the desire of Jewish men to mourn together with Jewish women the destruction of the Second Temple at the Temple's western retaining wall.

The police, of course, had asked the Conservative group to avoid provocation tonight, knowing that the plaza would be filled with thousands of Orthodox and *haredi* Jews, who assert hegemony over Jewish holy places in Israel and deny with regularity any rights to Reform and Conservative Jews. The leader of the Conservative group, Andrew Sacks, told me that officials at first suggested that he hold his egalitarian service without women. When he refused, the police suggested that he hold the service at the Temple Mount's southern wall, directly under the Al Aksa mosque, which might have suggested to the Muslims above yet another nefarious Jewish plot.

As the group gathered just inside the gated plaza at around 7:30 p.m., the police showed signs of cooperation. Under guard, we were escorted to a parking area about a hundred yards or so from the Wall, separated from it by five parked police vans. When one of the group's leaders bemoaned the physical distance between the group and the Wall, a police official noted that the Wall could still be seen with the naked eye. By now, the group numbered about 150, and the service commenced. *Haredim* circled the group. "Your place is over there," one officer told a spluttering *haredi*. "The parking lot is for the Reform."

Most Israeli policemen understand the differences between Conservative and Reform Judaism about as much as most Israelis do, which is to say, not very well. This is the fault of the American leadership of the two movements, which do not encourage their children to move to Israel, but it is mostly the fault of the Orthodox establishment and their secular protectors in the Likud and Labor parties, who have in recent years systematically marginalized non-Orthodox expressions of Judaism in the Jewish homeland.

Ten minutes into the service, an official from the Holy Sites Authority arrived to tell the police chief, Yair Yitzhaki, that the Conservatives were violating Jewish custom at the Wall by having men and women pray together and must therefore be expelled. I found myself somehow sandwiched between the main body of worshipers and the police line, which allowed me the opportunity to enter into my one-way existential discussion with the officer about the nature of Jewish unity.

During the police action—which didn't stop outside the gate to the plaza, but ended 100 yards further downhill, outside the Dung Gate entrance to the Old City—black-hatted *haredim* hollered encouragement to the police. As Yitzhaki watched his men abuse their fellow Jews, a *haredi* man shouted to him, "*Kol HaKavod*"—in essence, "good job."

The Israeli police crossed a bright red line in the state's relationship with people who could only be called at this point dissident Jews. The Wall has long been the site of violence between the *haredim* and their more progressive cousins. But never before have the police, without even the pretext of a riot in progress, so violently ejected the non-Orthodox from the Plaza, and not only from the Plaza, but from the Old City.

And so we find ourselves, a half-hour after the aborted attempt to conduct a service in peace, standing in a sunken and muddy pit outside the Dung Gate, finishing the prayers, as thousands of Orthodox Jews moved through the gate on their way to the Wall. The *haredim* begin to gather on the low stone walls above us, hissing over the voice of the woman leading the prayers.

As the service finishes, the congregation, like any good Zionist congregation—one filled with Israeli army veterans, in fact—begins to sing "Hatikvah," the Israeli national anthem. This infuriates the *haredim* ringing us—who oppose the Jewish state and refuse to serve in its army. The hissing becomes booing and then screaming. The police move in among us. Sacks announces that the police are promising us safe passage out of the pit. It seems to me just then that there is a battle brewing here, and it's not the one between Israelis and Palestinians.

JEFFREY GOLDBERG is a contributing writer at *The New York Times Magazine*.

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Wisconsin's cheesy reform.

SPEECH IMPEDIMENT

By Jonathan Rauch

For a preview of what some campaign-law reformers have in mind for the United States, a peculiar case in Wisconsin is worth a moment's look. Last year, in the week before the election, a group called Americans for Limited Terms began running radio ads chastising Wisconsin state assemblyman David Travis, a Democrat, for opposing term limits. The ALT ads announced that "the people want term limits for career politicians," and then declared: "Part of the problem is Dave Travis. He refuses to support term limits; refuses to sign the term-limits pledge. Now, folks, we're not apt to get the term limits we want with representatives like Dave Travis refusing to vote for term limits. So, call Travis today. Tell him to change his mind." To make sure people got the message, the group also did mailings and made phone calls.

Note what the campaign did not do: urge anybody to vote for or against Travis. That is because explicitly saying "vote for" is what federal law calls "express advocacy," which can be regulated and limited by current campaign finance laws. Under the Supreme Court's holding in *Buckley* v. *Valeo*, ads that don't engage in "express advocacy" are constitutionally protected political speech. The government is supposed to leave them alone so that people and groups can freely express their political opinions. This "express advocacy" distinction is an arbitrary rule, as even its defenders admit, but it serves its main purpose: to set clear limits on the political expression that government can legally regulate.

Travis, understandably, did not appreciate those unappreciative ads. Americans for Limited Terms is a nonprofit group that specializes in so-called "issue advocacy"; in the 1996 election cycle, it spent more than $1 million running sixteen of what it calls "educational efforts" in fourteen states. In its blitz against Travis, the group spent more than $24,000, which is more than Travis said he spent in his entire race. ALT says it has no partisan ties and targets Republicans as much as Democrats who oppose term limits, but Travis is skeptical. "This is a money-laundering operation" for Republicans, he complains.

So, on the Friday before Election Day, Travis went to court. Wisconsin state law is different from federal law: it requires groups to register with the state elections commission and disclose their donor lists not just if they engage in "express advocacy," but if they take actions "for the purpose of influencing the election." Americans for Limited Terms had not registered, on the grounds that its ads were protected "issue ads." In fact, it did not have any representation in court that day, or even know that it was in court at all. (Travis said no one knew where to find ALT on short notice: "We didn't even have an address for these people.") Nonetheless, a state judge ordered that ALT's ads be yanked off the air for the days remaining until the election.

Now everybody is suing everybody. The state elections commission is suing ALT in state court for breaking the election law, and ALT is suing the elections commission in federal court for violating the group's First Amendment rights, and Travis has sued ALT as well. The legal bills may soon be higher than ALT's actual expenditures in Wisconsin.

Americans for Limited Terms was not alone. Wisconsin politicos also complained about ads run by the environmentalist Sierra Club and by Wisconsin Manufacturers & Commerce, a business group that ran a $400,000 campaign "educating" voters about alleged friends of high taxes and tort lawyers. Again, judges censored both organizations' ads in the days leading up to the election. The Sierra Club's ads were ordered off the air before the group could even respond to the complaint. Wisconsin Manufacturers & Commerce, which vows to fight in court to the bitter end, was effectively blacked out in the state's major media markets.

By all accounts, something deplorable is going on here. But precisely what? From Travis's and regulators' point of view, what's deplorable is big-money groups' brazen efforts to skirt the election rules by running campaign ads flimsily disguised as "issue advocacy." "It's patently ridiculous to think that when groups come in and run negative ads just before the election that it's 'issue advocacy,' " says Travis. "We didn't just fall off the turnip truck here."

The Wisconsinites want the courts to say, in effect, that if something looks, walks and quacks like a campaign ad, it's a campaign ad, and should be regulated as such—which, in the case of nonprofit corporations like ALT and the manufacturers' group, may mean not advertising at all, since Wisconsin bans all corporate politicking except "to promote or defeat a referendum." In any case, if Wisconsin is right, then virtually any political speech is subject to regulation.

On the other hand, if you believe that political speech is a useful thing in a democracy, you may think something else is deplorable here: politicians' use of the law to silence criticism days before an election, even though the critics had not been found to have violated any election law—indeed, even before the critics were heard in court.

The Wisconsin episodes appear to be the first such cases of "issue advocacy" censorship, but they were not mere flukes. Rather, Wisconsin's behavior is a logical outgrowth of the direction that campaign finance is heading under the 1970s-style, money-regulating model

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that still, unfortunately, predominates in the "reform community." Reformers believe, wrongly, that with enough legal ingenuity you can squeeze private money out of politics.

So they limit direct contributions to parties and candidates. The people and groups that have stakes in politics, however, don't disappear, nor should they. They just spend on "educational" campaigns, as Americans for Limited Terms and the Wisconsin manufacturers and the Sierra Club and big labor and a thousand other groups do. Advocates of the regulatory approach are infuriated that this "issue advocacy," which they view as money rather than speech, is protected by *Buckley*'s "express advocacy" clause, which they regard as a loophole rather than a protection. So now they are trying to disembowel *Buckley*.

That is why Wisconsin is claiming that ALT's ads were in fact not constitutionally protected: the ads, the state argues in a minor masterpiece of gobbledygook, may not have expressly advocated Travis's defeat, but they "had the political purpose of expressly advocating" his defeat. (Got that?) It's also why the McCain-Feingold campaign-reform plan would broaden the definition of regulable "express advocacy" to include just about anything said about a candidate before an election (i.e., anything that a "reasonable person," meaning a bunch of lawyers, would understand as advocating any candidate's election or defeat).

And it's why two reform advocates—former Senator Nancy Kassebaum Baker and former Vice President Walter F. Mondale—can write with apparently straight faces that "the election law should be tightened to distinguish clearly between media advertisements that are campaign endorsements or attacks and those that genuinely debate issues," which is like saying that the law should be tightened to distinguish clearly between sex for love and sex for pleasure.

Making it possible for candidates to run for office without selling themselves to moneyed interests is a worthy goal for campaign law; but the way to do that is with generous public financing for candidates who agree not to accept or raise private donations (an approach that Maine is now trying). The whole effort to micromanage private political speech, by contrast, is exactly the opposite of what campaign-finance law should be doing.

Certainly one sympathizes with politicians like Travis who are frustrated when narrow groups with opaque names parachute into campaigns with hostile ads. But the fact is that ads about term limits and tort lawyers and toxic mining tell the public something worth knowing. The law should see such ads as an asset, not a liability, and the voters should be trusted to sort through the cacophony. Travis's own term, after all, was not limited. He was re-elected with 60 percent of the vote—after eighteen years, one of his strongest showings.

JONATHAN RAUCH is the author of *Demosclerosis: The Silent Killer of American Government* (Times Books).

Hispanic discontent and free trade.

BEFORE AND NAFTA

By John Maggs

Four years ago, Congressman Esteban Torres helped put Bill Clinton over the top on NAFTA. Torres, a California Democrat, announced his support for the North American Free Trade Agreement one month before the congressional vote—and then only after the administration assured him that it would establish job-training programs and a North American Development Bank to assist workers who lost their jobs because their firms had moved to Mexico. Torres's support proved critical: he is a former United Auto Workers official, so his decision gave cover to other House Democrats—particularly fellow Hispanics—nervous about angering labor unions. Exultant White House officials staged an extraordinary press conference in the Treasury Department's ornate Cash Room, where the California congressman was the guest of honor.

Today Torres says he regrets backing NAFTA—and he has company. Last month Torres and several other Hispanic House members sent a letter to the president, complaining that NAFTA had harmed their constituents. Since six of the signatories had voted for NAFTA in 1993, the letter came as an unpleasant surprise to the White House, which this fall will ask Congress to renew its fast-track negotiating authority so it can expand NAFTA to Chile and other Latin American countries.

The fast-track question is shaping up as a referendum on NAFTA and what it has (or hasn't) done to the U.S. economy. The administration knows it will be a tough fight: organized labor has already declared its opposition, and a recently released, congressionally mandated, report showed that Clinton exaggerated in predicting big job gains from NAFTA. That is why the White House had been counting on the support of legislators like Torres. Hispanics, it was hoped, would see an expanded NAFTA as a way to create an economic community of 250 million Spanish-speakers.

Was the administration simply wrong about the affinity of Hispanics for expanding trade with Latin America? Not really. It turns out the defection of Torres and his allies has more to do with constituency politics than economics: they are abandoning NAFTA primarily because the administration never delivered on the promises of job training and federal grants.

Even now, Hispanic rights groups such as the National Council of La Raza can find good things to say about the treaty—in principle. In 1993, says Raul Yzaguirre, La Raza's president, "we determined that NAFTA would be a

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net plus for the economy, and for our members. And we still think that it will be." Torres offers a similar verdict: "NAFTA has done a lot of good. I think it is working, in the sense that trade is creating opportunity. And clearly our future depends on increasing these opportunities."

Yet while Hispanic lawmakers acknowledge that NAFTA has probably helped the economy in the aggregate, they are still subject to pressure from voters in their districts who see only the immediate impact of even a few lost jobs. "Hispanic Americans are most at risk from free trade," says Yzaguirre. "The jobs they hold—textiles and other [light] manufacturing, are the very jobs that are impacted." And workers don't necessarily have to lose their jobs to feel the pressure of NAFTA: in a global economy, employers can use the threat of relocation as a way to resist demands for higher wages, better benefits or recognition of unions.

But, however real the sentiments are, they don't add up to a compelling case against NAFTA. For starters, the Labor Department says that fewer than 6,000 workers have lost their jobs because of NAFTA; with unemployment at a twenty-four-year low, workers displaced by import competition are landing new jobs before they have time to file for unemployment. In addition, there's scant evidence that Mexico's tiny economy—4 percent the size of the United States'—has appreciably lowered wages.

Consider one of Torres's favorite examples, the case of a shuttered California fruit and vegetable processing plant, where 1,000 unionized workers lost their jobs. "The exact same operation was set up over the border in Mexico," he says. In reality, NAFTA didn't change processed fruit tariffs—it couldn't have triggered the move. The company relocated because employees had organized a union, and this kind of thing was happening long before NAFTA.

Nevertheless, such closings have put congressmen like Torres in a bind. "I've taken a lot of heat," Torres says. "Certain promises were made about helping make the adjustment to free trade, and they were not kept." He is talking about, among other things, the North American Development Bank. The idea was to have the federal government fund an independent bank that would lend money for environmental, infrastructure and community development projects in areas hurt by NAFTA. For an administration desperate for congressional support, the $3 billion NADBank was worth the price. "The joke about Torres was, one man, one bank," said a former trade official. The bank was eventually set up in Los Angeles, near Torres's district.

But the administration endorsed NADBank without a very clear idea of what the bank was supposed to be. "I think it is fair to say that there were some unrealistic expectations about how this money would be used," said an official involved with cutting the deal. "I don't think anyone at Treasury knew what this bank was supposed to do." As a result, bureaucrats were in no rush to get the NADBank up and running, and they argued endlessly about what its lending criteria should be. Ideas for projects were floated from California, but they didn't meet the bank's lending terms. "We heard about a lot of projects that really had nothing to do with NAFTA and a lot that were not viable commercially," said one official. "They wanted to borrow the money, but could not begin to explain how it would ever be paid back." So far, no money has been loaned for projects in the United States.

Torres blames the administration for not educating local officials about getting access to NADBank funds. Two weeks after Torres sent his letter, the White House made a conspicuous response. Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin announced that the NADBank had certified thirty-five communities in nineteen states as eligible for economic development loans. The money will be handed out through the Los Angeles office of the NADBank, and through the Small Business Administration and the Agriculture Department.

But this may turn out to be just another case of pumping money into districts of swing lawmakers, with little regard for whether the recipients actually suffered from NAFTA. For example, Congress also approved extra unemployment benefits for workers displaced by NAFTA, but now the Labor Department admits that most of the plant closings certified under the program had nothing to do with the trade agreement. Northwest electric utility Pacificorp, for example, says that foreign competition was not related to a layoff of 250 workers that was "certified" under the NAFTA program.

There's no reason to think that NADBank money is going to be handed out with more discretion. White Pine, Michigan, made Treasury's list, due to the 1996 shutdown of a copper mine that employed 1,100. But mine manager Eric Dutson blamed a cyclical turndown in copper prices, not competition from Canada or Mexico. White Pine, it turns out, is a double-dipper—it also qualified for the NAFTA unemployment program. Just like the misdirected NAFTA unemployment funds, NADBank money is likely to fill the general purpose political needs of the administration and its allies in Congress.

In any event, Torres isn't satisfied with Treasury's announcement, because it promises to release money in dribs and drabs to small businesses and farms. He believes NADBank money should be used to fund the kind of big infrastructure projects that put people directly to work. He and the other Hispanic lawmakers also wonder what happened to the other big NAFTA promise—a massive job-training program. "That was the deal: we do NAFTA, and then we do worker training, but it didn't happen," says former Labor Secretary Robert Reich.

Reich thinks this broken promise dooms Clinton's hopes for fast track, and he may be right. Without the support of Hispanics, a congressional majority may be even harder to craft than it was last time. To win, not only will Clinton need to make more promises, but he'll also have to back them with more money—all to make more palatable a measure that is perfectly worthy on its own merits.

JOHN MAGGS writes on international business and economics for *The Journal of Commerce.*

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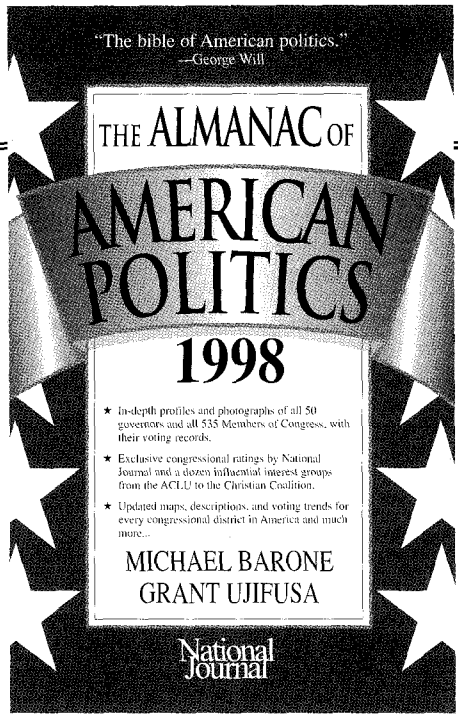
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National Journal

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The end of street politics.

FROM THE RAMPARTS

By Fred Siegel and Jeff Itell

By any ordinary calculations, Marion Barry should have been long gone from public office. Although Washington, D.C., is rich with federal dollars, its mayor presides over a city that is chronically broke, a place where jobs flee and felons flourish, where city hall can't tell you how many people it has on its payroll and where the Medicaid benefits roll was found to be padded with 20,000 unqualified recipients. The water in Washington is no longer reliably potable, the recycling program has been abandoned, and trash pickup of any sort is down to one day a week and shaky at that. The disease and sometimes homicide capital of America, Washington suffers from the nation's highest infant mortality rate and a rate of tuberculosis infection that is twelve times the national average. The city's rat population is soaring and thriving; you see healthy, bold specimens everywhere now, even in the wealthier neighborhoods, even in daylight. Barryism has reasonable residents, black and white, fleeing. In 1970, just 757,000 people called D.C. home; today, it's down to about 540,000. The well-to-do among those who remain have retreated from government: they depend increasingly on private police, private schools, even private snow removal. The city is saturated with crime—one out of eight residents is in prison, on probation or on parole.

For years, Barry has responded to the catastrophe of his mismanagement with a blithe disregard. In 1995, the city tottered on the edge of bankruptcy. The scope of the crisis may be measured by the state of the police department that year: officers couldn't file search warrants because they had run out of the proper forms; two-thirds of the patrol cars were laid up in repair; one out of seven cops was resigning from a demoralized force after a pay cut. Barry, released from prison and newly elected for a fourth term, mocked his critics with quips like "what crisis in D.C.?," then flew off on a junket to Africa. The mayor has gone on television to tell the public that their streets have been plowed, when they could see the snow still sitting there; he has announced that D.C. is the safest big city in America, even though it has a murder rate three and a half times that of New York.

Why, in the light of all this, is Barry still mayor? Still anything at all in politics? The answer to that question was illuminated in the fallout of the August 5 deal between President Clinton and Congress—a deal that stripped Barry of all but a tiny portion of his mayoral powers and placed direct control over most city functions in the hands of the congressionally appointed Federal Control Board. The agreement—a compromise between North Carolina Congressman Charles Taylor, who wanted to impose a city manager straight away, and D.C. Delegate to Congress Eleanor Holmes Norton, who wanted to preserve as many of Barry's prerogatives as possible—was largely drafted by Norton, Clinton budget director Franklin Raines and Senator Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina, chair of the District of Columbia subcommittee.

Norton, one of the FCB's creators, who has long been billed as the District's "great black moderate hope," initially hailed the legislation as a triumph for the District. But then something striking happened. Hounded by those like Jesse Jackson who describe the FCB as a "military junta," and faced with taunts from about forty protesters, Norton grabbed a "Free D.C." sign, joined the demonstrators and denounced the legislation she had just co-authored as a sellout of democracy.

Norton's reversal speaks to the deep pathology of Washington's tiny political class, the pathology that keeps Barry politically alive. When, nineteen years ago, Barry was first elected mayor, he represented more than just the hope of home rule for Washington. One of the first civil rights leaders to make the leap from street-level protest politics to governing, he also stood for the hope of black self-government. Now, having destroyed both of those hopes, Barry lives off what he once fought against: black powerlessness and black anger. In the minds of the District's racialist politicians, Washington is "the last colony," a black enclave constantly under attack from white racism. But the fact is, if Washington had remained a majority-white city, it is unlikely that it ever would have achieved home rule.

The limited home rule the District won in the 1970s and the Barry mayoralty that followed were extensions of the civil rights struggle. It is in this context that many still view city government. Insofar as the government is an extension of the civil rights movement, it must be beyond criticism. As Herbert Reid, a former Barry legal counsel and law professor at Washington's Howard University, has said, a black mayor should be protected, because he represents the course of black progress. To repudiate Barry, so the argument goes, is to turn your back on the whole civil rights movement.

"This is not a choice for or against Marion Barry," declared Jesse Jackson. "This is about the right to choose one's leadership.... In Chicago, when Mayor Daley said, 'Shoot to kill,' they didn't rescind democracy. In Alabama, when they unleashed the dogs on us, they didn't take away democracy." Barry himself spoke of Control Board Chairman Andrew Brimmer (who is also black) and others who threaten his power as puppets of a despotic Congress. "[T]here are other situations where totalitarian governments ... have appointed local people to do their dirty work," he rambled to reporters. "And I'm not so sure that Dr. Brimmer wants his legacy to be that."

Jackson's evocation of Chicago's race riots, and Bull Connor's dogs, and the suggestion of violence in

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Barry's words were of course purposeful. The threat of violence, putatively legitimated by past violence against blacks, has always been the true source of Barry's power. Barry rose to power in Washington with the blessing of a white establishment that saw black "street" pols like Barry as, essentially, managers of the mob, insurance against a recurrence of the riots of 1968.

The idea that Barry controls a violence that he can direct against those who stand in his way has never been far from the surface. The Barry circle has always contained characters with a thuggish strain. The Reverend Willie Wilson, Barry's spiritual adviser and a government-subsidized social service provider, first came into public prominence in 1987 as a leader of a black boycott of Chan's Chinese fast food restaurant in the largely poor neighborhood of Anacostia. Addressing a crowd of supporters, some of them yelling "fuck the chinks," Reverend Wilson compared himself to Jesus, Martin Luther King Jr. and Gandhi, and offered a frightening example of his dedication to principles of nonviolence: "We forgave Mr. Chan. If we didn't forgive him, we would have cut his head off and rolled it down the street."

Barry's use of the threat of mob violence became blatant during his 1990 trial for cocaine possession, and has grown ever more so since the Republican-controlled Congress appointed the Financial Control Board to begin the process of taking over the city. The two years since then have been a running war, a file cabinet by file cabinet fight marked by the increasing use of violent threats on the part of Barry and his defenders.

Barry's fourth wife, Cora Masters Barry, was dubbed "Lady McBarry" by Loose Lips of Washington's *City Paper*. Masters Barry had long worked for Washington boxing promoter Rock Newman, who served as chairman of Barry's mayoral transition team in 1994. Newman and his entourage have been associated with brawling and even small-scale riots, most notably in Madison Square Garden after the first Bowe-Golota bout. Masters Barry has emerged as a particularly compelling messenger about the dangers of upheaval. In 1995, Masters Barry mused, in an off-handedly chilling manner, to *The New York Times* on the root causes of riots. "Nobody knew," she said, "[that] it would be Rodney King that would send L.A. overboard. I mean, you never know what one thing is going to set the people off." In 1996, she warned *The Washington Post* that further budget cuts would mean an end to summer job programs for disadvantaged youth and "blood . . . rolling in the streets."

This is the context of Barry's cling to power and Norton's reversal. But, although the suggestions of racial treason against Norton achieved their purpose, the larger attempt to inspire racial outrage seems to be fizzling. Despite an intense effort to gin up a mob, including radio and TV announcements, and phone calls by Barry and Norton, the largest protest garnered only 200 to 300 people, many of them city workers. A staged disruption of a Federal Control Board meeting the next day—led by a Barry protégé named Mark Thompson who had earlier made the *City Paper* with his warnings against "sell[ing] out to Jews"—drew only a few dozen militants. The protesters spent fifteen minutes shouting, as *The Washington Post* reported, "racial slurs" and chanting. At one point, they tried to storm the podium to present non-negotiable demands. But nobody paid them much mind, and police soon led them away.

In mid-August, Louis Farrakhan is due to arrive to take the protest to the next level; as always, the threat of violence hangs in the air. But perhaps Washington is finally ready to turn its back on the politicians of the mob. For all of Barry's talk that Norton's bill "rapes" democracy in D.C., the District has had precious little democracy. It has been for twenty years a one-party fiefdom ruled by a cult of personality and financed by taxpayers around the country. If real democracy and the rule of law ever do come to the nation's capital, it will only be, as in the old segregationist South, by the imposition of the federal government. That is Barry's ironic legacy: he has recreated, in his political dotage, the dynamic he fought against in his youth.

FRED SIEGEL is the author of *The Future Once Happened Here: New York, D.C., L.A., and the Fate of Big City America* (Free Press). JEFF ITELL is a Washington-based writer and consultant.

CAMBRIDGE POSTCARD

HEIL HARVARD

By Jacob Heilbrunn

On a recent August morning, about fifty men and women gathered in an amphitheater in Harvard Law School's Pound Hall and settled into the serried rows of seats to listen to Jeffrey D. Sachs lecture on fiscal policy in developing countries. It was the final day of a $13,000 six-week seminar program organized by the Harvard Institute for International Development, which is directed by Sachs, the father of economic shock therapy. Many of the students, who came from Zimbabwe, Ghana and other Third World countries, were wearing sandals and dashikis. They were civil servants who had come to imbibe the latest wisdom in American capitalism. As Sachs attacked John Maynard Keynes and praised Adam Smith, the students diligently scribbled in their notebooks.

One Sachs disciple, however, stood out: Jörg Haider, the 47-year-old leader of the Austrian Freedom Party. With his party hovering at 28 percent in the Austrian polls, Haider is the most influential far-right leader in Europe. He is also the coolest. Dressed in purple-and-gold Nike running shoes, a gray polo shirt and shorts,

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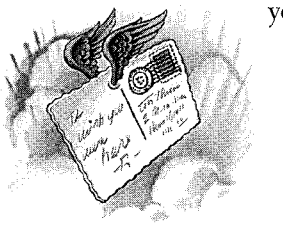
Haider looked as if he were taking in the sun rather than Economics 101. He had an air about him of the teacher's pet. Sachs waved to him as he walked into the class and, in his lecture, made a point of praising the Alpine republic.

Haider might have seemed an unusual candidate to excite the admiration of a Harvard professor. As a member of the Austrian parliament since 1979 and head of the Freedom Party since 1986, Haider has consistently espoused the expulsion of immigrants and foreigners from Austria. He has called concentration camps "punishment camps," praised the Waffen S.S. as "dear friends" and "decent people of good character" who deserve "all the honor and respect of the army in public life." He has lauded Hitler's "orderly employment policies."

But, in the new Europe, jackboots are out, and so Haider has come to America, the home of the media makeover. If he is to achieve his dream of becoming Austria's next chancellor, he needs the imprimatur of American political culture—the blessing of the land of Gates and Lauren and Starbucks. Like many a foreign visitor before him, he has come to the new country to transform himself. From S.S. apologist to Jeffersonian Democrat. What better place to do that than Harvard?

When I first received a voicemail message from Hans Janitschek, an Austrian journalist for the conservative *Kronen Zeitung*, that Haider was in Cambridge and interested in meeting me, I was a little taken aback. The only time I had encountered Haider was a decade ago at a Freedom Party conference in Salzburg, where his followers were swilling beer at eleven in the morning before heading off to hear their leader deliver a speech calling for "cleansing" the welfare system. Later, I heard he had called for "the final solution of the farm question."



Eventually, I made a dinner appointment with Haider and was instructed to meet him in the lobby of the posh Charles Hotel, where Haider was staying. But Haider didn't meet me personally—he dispatched his personal secretary, Gerwald, a blond 26-year-old former Austrian tennis star, who escorted me to the Hasty Pudding restaurant, a few blocks away. Haider was running a bit late, it turned out, because he and his colleagues had just been celebrating the end of term with disco dancing and Thai food.

It was a fitting locale to establish Haider's new Cambridge bona fides: stuffed with Harvard memorabilia, the Hasty Pudding is where undergrads bring the family on parents' weekend. The restaurant—officially called "Upstairs at the Pudding"—sits above the student theater that annually attracts Hollywood celebrities for its man and woman of the year awards, and features undergraduates performing in drag.

Haider looked dashing in a collarless white shirt and blue jacket. We sat on the terrace, ate salmon and mussels, and polished off a few bottles of wine. The diners around us mulled the Red Sox' fading fortunes. As the level in the bottle went down, Haider's pronouncements grew more animated, and it soon became clear why he had invited me. He wanted to publish an article in *Foreign Affairs*, where I had previously mentioned his activities in an essay on the German new right, and he was hoping I could help. I told him the journal might be a bit restrained for his tastes, but Haider seemed convinced that it was just the place to make his American debut. He explained that he was a kind of Austrian freedom fighter out to topple his country's corrupt and indolent political elite. His tenure at Harvard, he said, had brought home to him the severity of Austria's economic woes. "Jeffrey Sachs is excellent," he said. "He's not left-wing, and he knows how to sell himself well in Eastern Europe."

There was only one small problem, he said, as he sampled a glass of port. The press insisted on painting him as a fascist. "Political correctness, taboos, the fascism cudgel," he said. "These are all used to tar people as Nazis and stifle debate." Haider then turned to the waiter: "This port is too sweet," he said and sent him off to fetch a glass of Sandeman's instead.

As he stared, skeptically, at the new glass, I asked what the Nazi era signified to him. "The Holocaust is past. I always say, 'It's a thing for the historians.' I'm interested in the future." Gerwald nodded approvingly. "You Americans can deal with the Holocaust," Haider continued. "We can export it across the ocean and let you handle it."

He chuckled over the fuss the Americans were making over the old story of Nazi gold in Swiss banks, and he mentioned a book I really should read, he said, to put the tempest in its proper perspective. The book was *The Old Boys* by Burton Hersh. It had been suppressed, he said, because it exposed American machinations with the Nazis in Switzerland. "Everyone was involved equally with the Nazis," said Haider. "The Americans conducted business deals and profited from them."

On that note, we repaired to the Charles, to drink whiskey in the hotel bar. It was late, and the place was nearly empty. Haider and Gerwald and I drank Johnnie Walker Black until last call. Haider held forth on the subject of himself. He was not a racist, he said. Indeed, he had just invited a great man, a famous civil rights leader, Roy Innes, to come to Austria to join him in a conference against racism. Perhaps I would come, too?

Rooms at the Charles run to $250 a night, but Haider can afford the tariff. He inherited $15 million worth of property in the Austrian state of Carinthia from his great-uncle. His great-uncle inherited the property too, sort of. He received it from the Nazis, who had stripped it from an Austrian Jew named Mathilde Roifer. Haider maintains that his uncle received it legally under National Socialist laws. But we didn't talk about that as we sipped our Johnnie Walker. Haider doesn't like to dwell on old Europe. He is a man of new Europe, the poster boy of the modern ultra-right, smooth and chic and sexy. When he recently took in the new Broadway musical *Titanic*, he was approached, his friends told me, by no fewer than three admiring women during inter-

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mission. Haider, one friend said, wondered if the women knew who he was, and was charmed to hear that, no, the Broadway babes liked him for himself.

Watching Haider work a New York room, it's not hard to believe that he attracts such attention. The occasion was a luncheon in Haider's honor, a cozy gathering in an eighteenth-floor Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Central Park, just across from the home of press baron Mortimer Zuckerman. As the strains of Greta Keller singing "In a Little Café" warbled out of a small, fake, old-fashioned gramophone, Haider stood surrounded by diplomats, real estate tycoons and U.N. functionaries. His American impresario, Hans Janitschek, a personal assistant to Kurt Waldheim at the U.N. and a former secretary general of the Socialist International, welcomed his guests over Austrian beers, smoked salmon and Sachertorte. "I'm a socialist," Janitschek said as we looked out over the park from his outside patio. "Really, I live quite modestly." Haider, said Janitschek, was destined to become Austria's chancellor.

Peter Sichrovsky agreed. An Austrian Jew who has written books about Jews and Germans with titles like *Strangers in Their Own Land* and *Born Guilty*, Sichrovsky threw the Viennese Jewish community into a tizzy when he ran successfully in October 1996 as Haider's number-two candidate for the European parliament. Sichrovsky had previously described Haider as "scum"; now he called him "dynamic." And he was incensed by the notion that he has become Haider's *Hofjude*, a court Jew, who helps polish up Haider's image: "I used to travel and lecture for all the Jewish organizations," he told me. "But the Holocaust has become a playground for the egos of Edgar Bronfman and the World Jewish Congress."

Other guests at Haider's lunch expressed similar complaints. A young Austrian who works in New York as a product designer recounted that he had recently held an eighty-person dinner for Haider. "I invited all the New York political types, the head of Deutsche Bank," he said. "When I introduced Haider, I said that we need our own kind of Austrian nationalism. Afterwards, some of the Germans asked me, 'Are you a Nazi?' "

With the help of Sachs and Harvard, that awkward question may become a thing of the past for Haider. At least that's what Haider and his friends think; they are convinced they have transcended such disquieting labels—and they may be right. During my visit, Haider bragged about how American politicians had embraced him. He had played tennis at a tournament at Washington's Mount Vernon College with Health and Human Services Secretary Donna Shalala and Alexander Haig. He had shaken hands with Jack Kemp at the offices of the Congress on Racial Equality. He had even hobnobbed with Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott. Hans Janitschek believes Haider will profit nicely from his American tour. "I think he's at a turning point," he said. "If he's accepted here, he will be accepted in Austria." And Janitschek believes he knows the reason why Haider will find acceptance in the new country: "He understands the Jews better." •

NATIONAL INSECURITY

THE SPY WHO GOT LEFT IN THE COLD

By Charles Lane

Talks among the United States, China and the two Koreas over a formal end to the Korean War have broken up, for the moment, over insistent North Korean demands that the agenda include the withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Korea. United States officials, *The New York Times* reports, "were showing signs of frustration." But the North's refusal to bargain in good faith was foreseeable. Or should have been. This is exactly what Hwang Jang Yop said would happen.

Last February, Hwang became the highest-ranking North Korean official ever to escape to South Korea. His defection shook the peninsula as few events have since the Korean War itself. Hwang was a member of the North Korean Workers' Party central committee, a leading theoretician of the North's crackpot brand of autarchical communism and a former tutor of the North's "Dear Leader," Kim Jong Il. After Hwang and an aide walked into the South Korean Embassy in Beijing, seeking political asylum, weeks of cold war intrigue followed—complete with rumors of North Korean agents staking out the embassy—until the Chinese government let the South Koreans spirit Hwang out of Beijing. That set the stage for what everyone expected to be dramatic revelations from the defector about the mysterious, isolated and dangerously well-armed Stalinist regime in Pyongyang.

When Hwang talked, he indeed painted a disturbing picture of an aggressive North Korean regime still

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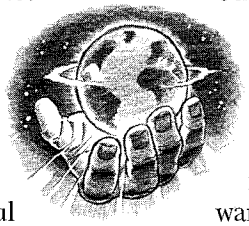
primed for an invasion of its southern neighbor. But then an odd thing happened: nothing. Confronted with the most important defector ever to emerge from one of the most insular of all the communist regimes, the Clinton administration responded by dismissing Hwang as a mere academic who lacked detailed "specialized knowledge" about the North's military preparations. The major newspapers have followed the administration's lead, relegating the news of Hwang's testimony to a few, mostly buried, stories.

The administration's cool response is not accidental. During the cold war, U.S. officials often gave communist defectors credence and publicity because their grim—and generally accurate—insider accounts supported U.S. foreign policy. Now, however, the U.S. government has downplayed Hwang's testimony because it conflicts with a post-cold war effort to "engage" North Korea as a partner in peace. "The U.S. is nervous because he said our policy isn't working," says an American involved in the handling of Hwang. "He's saying that Kim Jong Il hasn't changed a bit, and is looking at war as a distinct possibility. I don't think we want to hear that. After he came out, there was a concerted effort by the U.S. government to bad-mouth this guy."



To be sure, even the South Koreans, whose natural impulse was to milk the defection for maximum propaganda, handled Hwang cautiously. China only agreed to let Hwang go from Beijing in exchange for South Korea's promise that Hwang would be brought to Seoul via a third country, the Philippines, and would be kept under wraps for a decent interval, to minimize the North's embarrassment. Hwang did not arrive in South Korea until April 20, about nine weeks after he first defected.

But, once Hwang was safely in Seoul, the South Koreans began publicizing his revelations, first by leaking letters he had written while still in the Beijing embassy—letters in which he said the North was bent on turning the South into a "sea of fire." This stoked an already enormous commotion about Hwang in the South Korean media. On July 10 the South Korean government made Hwang available for a press conference, at which he repeated his view that the North was a "hell" whose dictatorial government is "waiting for the right moment to strike." (Hwang has also said that Kim Jong Il planned to attack in 1992 but was overruled by his father, the late "Great Leader," Kim Il Sung.)

At the press conference, the South Koreans released an eighty-plus-page summary of Hwang's debriefing by the intelligence service. According to the document, which was published only in Korean but was translated for TNR, Hwang says that Kim Jong Il faces no meaningful "moderate challenge" and is firmly in control of North Korea, even though he has not yet assumed his father's formal titles. For Kim, the U.S. is both an enemy and a force that can be used to affect the North's all-important relationship with South Korea. Kim sees talks with the U.S. instrumentally, as a means of buying time for his economically failing regime, as a counterweight to Chinese power, as a way to burnish North Korea's image in international opinion and, ultimately, as a means of driving a wedge between the U.S. and South Korea.

According to Hwang, the North's goal is diplomatic recognition by the U.S., which Kim Jong Il sees as the prelude to the withdrawal of U.S. troops from South Korea. Though Hwang said, somewhat ambiguously, that Kim brags that the 1994 U.S. North Korean Framework Agreement limiting the North's nuclear program was a triumph of his brilliant diplomacy—so far, the North has adhered to the deal—Hwang also said that Kim has no intention of honoring a ballistic missile treaty that the U.S. is pursuing with the North in Geneva.

These assertions generally contradicted the State Department's upbeat line on the prospects for engagement with North Korea. Yet the only story in the American press to point this out appeared in the tiny *Christian Science Monitor*, headlined "DEFECTOR CASTS DOUBT ON U.S. APPROACH TO N. KOREA." The major papers, whose coverage of the Koreas draws heavily on official U.S. sources, barely took notice of Hwang's assertions. *The New York Times* has scarcely even mentioned Hwang since he got out of Beijing; it buried Hwang's July 10 press conference on page nine, as a "World Brief" headlined "LACKS NUCLEAR PROOF, NORTH KOREAN SAYS." The only major paper to run a front-page story about Hwang, *The Los Angeles Times*, depicted him as a mystery man who "still baffles experts. They question his accounts of [a] war arsenal." A "senior Clinton administration official" told the paper: "We think he perhaps is out of date, with less specialized knowledge in traditional military and security issues.... Some of his reports about nukes, we find hard to make judgments about.... There is no evidence supporting his assertions."

Is there a reasonable basis for such skepticism? South Korea's intelligence agency is not above massaging defector testimony for maximum impact, and Hwang's purported mention of a "list" of North Korean spies in the South did seem dubious. Hwang also contradicted himself on the question of the North's nuclear arsenal, first saying the North had many weapons it planned to use on the South, and then saying he wasn't sure. But the contradiction is a red herring. Hwang never claimed to have access to the time and date of the planned North Korean drive south. Rather, he is qualified by his experience and position—South Korean intelligence says he ranked twenty-third in the rigidly defined North Korean hierarchy—to speak about the basic nature and general intentions of North Korea's leaders.

And, in this regard, his testimony has been credible and straightforward. For all their quibbles, no one in the Clinton administration denies that Hwang's statements, as presented by Seoul, generally reflect his genuine assessment of what is going on in the North. There is nothing about his apparent motivation that makes him seem more likely than any other defector to be either a liar or a double agent. Hwang fled partly because he was about to be purged, and partly because he felt that he could no longer suppress what he knew

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about the Kim dynasty: namely, that its preparations for war are both starving the North Korean working class and steering the peninsula as a whole into danger.

To an extent, U.S. dismissals of Hwang reflect the Clinton administration's understandable annoyance over the fact that U.S. interrogators were denied separate access to Hwang for almost three months after he arrived in Seoul. Hwang did not meet alone with CIA and Pentagon questioners until July, and this happened only after Vice President Al Gore, Defense Secretary William Cohen and House Speaker Newt Gingrich had all personally told President Kim Young Sam of South Korea that U.S. intelligence agencies wanted to see Hwang for themselves. Yet this deviation from the two countries' traditionally close intelligence cooperation was itself an indication of how the accommodating U.S. approach to North Korea has harmed American relations with the democratic, capitalist South. Simply put, the South no longer fully trusts Washington to represent its interests in dealings that affect its relations with the North. "The South Korean-U.S. relationship is okay on the surface, but the undercurrents are a little bit rough," says Kongdan Oh, a Korea specialist at the Institute for Defense Analyses. "There is suspicion [in the South] that the State Department is choosing an independent North Korea policy and does not want reunification."

U.S. officials let it be known they wanted Seoul to delay Hwang's July 10 press conference until after August 5, the starting date of the four-party talks—so as not to upset the North. The administration made an enormous investment in these preliminary talks—an investment of both diplomatic effort and more tangible inducements such as fuel aid, food and $2 million cash paid for North Korean cooperation in the search for American MIAs from the war. According to *The Washington Post*, the administration plans to offer more goodies, including fertilizers, pesticides and reforestation aid, as well as the establishment of a North-South military "hot line." Clinton administration officials insist that they have no illusions about their North Korean counterparts, but their reaction to Hwang's disclosures suggests otherwise. After Hwang's July 10 press conference, one "U.S. official" told the *Post*'s Kevin Sullivan that American policy would be correct even if the North is not negotiating in good faith, as Hwang claims. "Our policy is to persuade them that it is in their best interest to negotiate," the official said.

For years, American officials have bemoaned the paucity of information about North Korea. But, now that someone has filled in the blanks, those same officials say they've heard the information before, or that it's not really that important. In truth, "The Hermit Kingdom" is no mystery. The North's leaders have always behaved as good Stalinists: with aggressive contempt, suspicion and treachery toward foreign democratic governments, and with aggressive cruelty toward their own people. To imagine that kind words and generous aid from the U.S. can make them change their ways is to ignore everything Hwang Jang Yop learned from a lifetime inside that awful regime. •

Lanny Davis, Clinton's Minister of Scandal.

THE SPINSTER

By William Powers

It was 10:30 on the morning of July 30, and a man named Michael Cardozo was testifying before the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee about his dealings with Charlie Trie, the picaresque restaurateur and Clinton fund-raiser. A young woman from the press gallery staff began moving up and down the aisles of the press section with an armload of stapled packets. There are seven enormous press tables in the chamber, Room 216 of the Hart Building, and many of the seats are reserved: scrawled paper signs indicate this place belongs to "NBC," that one to "NYT" and so forth. Like a waiter serving dinner rolls, the young woman reached around each reporter and softly dropped a packet, whispering as she did so, "This is from the White House.... This is from the White House.... This is from the White House...." The packets consisted of sixteen pages of news articles retrieved from the Nexis database. Most of the articles were from *The New York Times*, and all of them were related in some way to the overlapping stories of Trie, who is reportedly hiding out in China, and Cardozo, who heads a private fund established to help the Clintons pay their immense legal bills. The news stories had something else in common: all were embarrassing to the administration.

There was no cover memo explaining the packet's intended meaning, nor was there any explicit indication of why the White House had taken the trouble to disseminate these damaging materials. But, then, no expla-

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nation was necessary. The packet spoke eloquently to every reporter in the room, in a language they all understood, and it was delivered with flawless timing. These stories were the initial, often somewhat ragged press reports of the same suspicious activities that were coming in for systematic public scrutiny in the hearing room at this very moment. As committee counsel Mark Tipps gently began what became a vigorous and often gripping interrogation of Cardozo, you could almost hear the Nexis clips murmuring from every press table, *old news . . . been there, done that . . . no story here.*

It was a moment brilliantly conceived to work on the mind of a journalist: *If what I am hearing has already been printed, then what am I doing here? If the White House is comfortable handing out these stories, then what I am hearing can't be damning.* This is the essence of the White House spin operation—that the Thompson committee's hearings on fund-raising by the Clinton campaign and the Democratic National Committee amount to old news and therefore non-news. The effort has been creative, aggressive and, so far, stunningly successful, in the view not only of delighted White House officials but of reporters covering the hearings for major news organizations. And at the center of it all is White House special counsel Lanny Davis, a 51-year-old lawyer who since December has held what may be the capital's toughest job: minister of scandals for this scandal-afflicted administration.

It's a vast assignment, and Davis is just one part of a machine that runs from White House Counsel Charles F. C. Ruff to Clinton attorney Robert Bennett, from formal flacks such as the White House's Mike McCurry and the DNC's Amy Weiss Tobe to informal Clinton hands like James Carville and George Stephanopoulos. But since Davis is the point man on campaign finance, which is the scandal story of the year, he has been in the spotlight since the week he took the job, a veritable Mr. Scandal about town.

The Nexis dumps, which were begun by Mark Fabiani, Davis's predecessor, are just a minor arrow in Davis's quiver of spin techniques. He receives scores of calls every day from reporters whom he sometimes calls his "constituents," and whose requests for information and comment he must try to meet. He has launched—through both selective leaks and broad announcements—dozens of news stories related to the scandal. But lately what he's best known for is the way he and his colleagues work the hallway outside Hart 216.

"The hearings were an incredible scene, to see all those White House lawyers out there in the hallways, just gloating about the notion that there was nothing new here," says a reporter for a major news organization who spoke on condition of anonymity. "I mean, here we were getting this stuff on the record, under oath, with a kind of credibility that a newspaper story can never have. And these guys are parading around saying it's old news, gloating, as though this was a moral victory."

The reporter recalls particularly the spin on the second day of testimony by former DNC official Richard Sullivan, the lead-off witness who'd been billed as a kind of John Dean but turned out to be a ratings flop. After Sullivan spoke under oath, the reporter recalls, Davis was outside in the hallway telling people, "It's Groundhog Day!"—a reference to the Bill Murray movie in which the same drab, meaningless events keep happening day after day.

The Republicans have their own spinners, of course, principally chief counsel Michael J. Madigan, and often Madigan, too, could be glimpsed in the vestibule, flitting on and off the record, just like Davis, and usually just a few yards away from him. Indeed, there are sometimes so many spinners outside 216 that the newcomer can easily begin to suffer spin vertigo. The committee Democrats have a spinner, the DNC has multiple spinners. Some witnesses, most notably former Republican National Chairman Haley Barbour, have arrived for their testimony with their own spinners in tow. On a busy day, you could stand against the wall and watch reporters moving from spinner to spinner like ants darting among breadcrumbs. Davis, though, is the spinner supreme. His interpretation of the hearings—they are a gaping yawn—has become conventional wisdom, overwhelming the alternative Republican storyline.

One week into the proceedings, *The New York Times*, the most influential newspaper and the one from which television producers take their first cues, announced in a headline that the campaign finance scandal had fallen "victim to its own irrelevance," a phrase that might have come straight out of Davis's mouth. And so it has gone. Though the major papers have covered the hearings and continued their own enterprising spadework, the far more important television networks have almost ignored the story. Even in the pages of the most diligent national newspapers—*The New York Times*, *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Washington Post* and *The Wall Street Journal*—the hearings never became hot. The tone, story placement, headlines and emphasis have all tended to telegraph the message that this is a shopworn tale. The hearings' characters hardly lack color—Charlie Trie with his sacks of money and strange inflatable toys, the mysterious casino owner Mr. Wu jetting over from Macao to run around the White House, the Buddhist nuns, the cultists who drink their guru's bathwater, the movie star (Thompson) versus the astronaut (Glenn), plus Steven Spielberg and Frank Zappa's widow. Yet the mainstream feature sections and gossip columnists have shown almost zero interest in the story. Its presence on television news programs has been minimal. Only a few editorial pages, most notably that of *The New York Times*, are really worked up about the matter.

Not all of this is Lanny Davis's handiwork, but he is certainly a factor. Reporters do not feel Davis has duped them—indeed, many mock his activities. "Everything he says is immediately discounted 95 percent," *Slate* magazine political columnist Jacob Weisberg told me one day as we stood on Lanny's turf outside the hearing room. "His credibility is severely impeached." Nevertheless, Davis is effective, because there is an implacable logic to his strategy. Old news is old news, and Davis has spent a

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lot of time over the past year making sure that much of the Thompson committee's findings would seem old by the time the hearings started. The White House "set this up from the beginning by establishing the expectation that there wouldn't be anything new," says a reporter on the beat for a major news organization, "... and then underscored it at every turn."

Certainly, the Senate Republicans regard Davis's work as a Democratic propaganda victory. A few hours after the July 30 Nexis drop, Thompson was grilling Cardozo about discussions between Cardozo and White House officials last December—discussions over whether Cardozo should disclose the hundreds of thousands of dollars in questionable donations to the defense fund that Charlie Trie had delivered in shopping bags. (The fund ultimately rejected the donations.) One document suggested that Cardozo had, at a certain point, considered getting media advice from Davis.

"You consulted also with Mr. McCurry and our good friend Mr. Lanny Davis, too, I believe, didn't you?" Thompson asked dryly.

"No," said Cardozo, "I spoke with Mr. Davis the day of my December press—"

"Did he tell you this was old news?" Thompson said, cutting off Cardozo.

Knowing laughter rolled across the press section.

LANNY DAVIS BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Less than an hour later, during the lunch break, Davis was out in the hallway with a small clutch of reporters. "This is about politics," he was telling them. "It's not about campaign finance reform, which is what we think it ought to be." He was wearing a gray lawyerly suit and exceptionally beat-up tasseled loafers. As he talked, he crossed and uncrossed his arms, and now and then he nervously pushed his aviator glasses up his nose. Though Davis is smart and careful, he has something of the schlemiel about him, an artlessness that cuts against the smoothness of the spin, which may partly explain why reporters almost unfailingly say they like him as a person. He is solicitous of them, at times off-the-record frank about how unfrank he's being on the record, and always open for business: once he called me back to spin from inside the Holocaust Museum, which felt slightly profane.

The next day, most of the major newspapers downplayed the hearing's substance, focusing instead on Thompson's angry announcement that the White House had been dragging its feet in producing key documents for this week's hearings. The senator's outburst prompted Ruff, the White House counsel, to write Thompson a conciliatory letter. On August 6, Thompson replied to Ruff, thanking him, but expressing continued concern over what he called a "troubling" pattern of delays in White House cooperation.

"Also," Thompson added pointedly, "it is more difficult to assume good faith when the very people we are trying to work with on document production are in the halls outside our committee room denigrating our efforts and accusing us of political motivations at every turn."

In the first weeks of his tour of duty, Davis was regarded by many in the White House and the press as pretty unimpressive. Soon after he was named, the *Times* ran a piece on a spectacularly failed business venture in which Davis was a partner. At about the same time, *The Washington Post* ran an unusually harsh profile. A "well-placed administration official" was quoted referring to him as "Loose Cannon Lanny" and "a publicity hound." Then there was a disastrous "Nightline" appearance, in which an acid Ted Koppel suggested that the president might have set a higher moral standard, and Davis blinked too much and sputtered unconvincingly in his boyish tenor. *The Wall Street Journal* ran a Washington Wire item: "The White House moves to bring in somebody to help Clinton-counsel Lanny Davis after he bombs on ABC's 'Nightline' in trying to defend fund raising."

Today, Davis is such a hit around the White House that—though he wouldn't talk on the record about himself—he furnished me with a long list of White House colleagues to call. Ruff says he couldn't be happier with Davis's work: "Lanny does an extraordinary job in what has to be some of the most difficult circumstances I know

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of in this city. He deserves everybody's admiration." Press secretary McCurry concurs, adding that the First Couple is also high on Davis. "I think both Clintons appreciate the job he's done and the tough circumstances under which he has to labor," McCurry said. Indeed, the president expressed his appreciation for Davis's work some months ago, when his own press was bottoming out, when he gave Davis a gift, a necktie bearing the phrase "Don't Let the Bastards Grind You Down" in dog-Latin.

How did Davis accomplish this turnaround? From the beginning, he pushed to release damning material early. Among reporters on the campaign-finance beat, this attitude has won him a certain admiration. Says Alan Miller, a *Los Angeles Times* reporter who has been on the campaign-finance story since the start, "I believe he's been in there arguing that it is better for the White House to put out the story with its own spin, on its own timetable, and to its chosen reporters and outlets, than to let the Republicans on the Hill have their way with it, and he's definitely right about that." Another reporter, who has Davis to thank for certain exclusives, says he has actually called Davis's White House superiors to let them know what a good job he's doing.

But there is a cleverness to Davis's operation that goes beyond openness and controlling who gets stories and in what fashion: he's also figured out how to exploit the way reporters compete among themselves, carefully managing disclosures and leaks to minimize negative impact. Reporters say Davis will feed a story to one or two outlets, knowing that others will be loath to follow up a competitor's scoop. A White House source confirms, "We definitely think there is a benefit to placing a story [with one reporter]," and says Davis has a "rotation list" he uses for just this purpose—to prevent the story from becoming what the source calls "a big federal case" (translation: big news).

With this sort of handling, even a very damaging story can be made to play as a one-day, one-paper event, rather than a full-court sensation—which allows small but damaging details left out of the initial feed to fall through the cracks, because there is little follow-up. On June 27, for instance, *The Washington Times* and the Associated Press reported the existence of memos indicating that the president had made fifteen to twenty phone calls and "raised 500K," and that Harold Ickes had given him a list of ten wealthy donors whom, as the A.P. put it, "the president could call." The revelation was attributed by the A.P. to "government officials" who "spoke on condition of anonymity," but Davis was quoted in the story saying that "on occasion, the DNC would ask the president to make calls to supporters or would send him call sheets. The president may well have offered to make calls as well." Davis also said the president could not recall whether he had made such calls, "though he may well have." A similar story appeared the next day in *The Washington Post*, and it also portrayed Clinton as forgetful on this matter, and as an essentially passive participant in the solicitation.

Nearly a month later, on July 24, *The New York Times* obtained some of the memos in question and reported in a front-page story that, far from being a passive agent, "President Clinton personally requested a list of potential contributors whom he offered to call to try to raise $1 million for the Democratic National Committee." The documents, the *Times* reported, also suggested that Clinton had made certain crucial calls because it was believed the potential donors would respond to a call from the president; and the *Times* found that some of those on the call sheets had given exactly the amounts for which they'd been targeted, within weeks of Clinton's calls.

At a White House press briefing on the day of the *Times* story, McCurry was repeatedly asked about the new details, which added to an emerging portrait of a president who had played an extremely active role in an extremely dubious fund-raising operation. But, because less damaging versions of the story had already appeared, McCurry was able to dismiss the issue as old news: "As near as I can tell, I think the Associated Press moved this story on June 27 and *The Washington Post* reported it in much the same fashion on June 28th. So they would look like they're following up work of their competitors."

The questioner pressed, "It appears to be based on different memos. Do you know?"

"It looked to me like the same information," McCurry said, "but if you contact Lanny Davis, he can help you out. He knows the details."

The first reports "defused" the story, says a media source familiar with how it emerged. "No one picked up on the [*Times*] story the next day. That is a real example that shows how they've been able to manipulate this.... It's just an outrage."

"The press buys into this," said the same source, "mostly because of the sort of competitive nature of this town. If you get beaten on something, it's much easier to listen to Lanny or Mike McCurry say it's old news than to look into it for yourself."

On August 2, two days after the final installation of the Thompson committee's first phase of hearings, there was a report about Senator Arlen Specter calling for the president to testify. Since Davis wouldn't talk about himself, I figured I could call him, just like any other reporter, for the day's spin. When Davis answered the phone, he said he was in the middle of dinner with his mother-in-law, and would therefore be thrilled to talk. I asked him about Specter. He said, "This is an artfully worded answer, and then, if you want me to, I'll explain it off the record. What we're saying is we have always offered to provide the committee all the information it needs to complete its inquiry. And that is where I do a full stop."

He then went off the record and gave me a fascinating and provocative answer, entirely different from what preceded it, that I can't share with you. It made me think good thoughts about this White House for a few seconds. If I'd been sitting down to write a story about Specter's notion, maybe Lanny's secret message would have affected what I wrote. I'd been spun. And it was sort of thrilling, in a vaguely disquieting way. •

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THE HARD QUESTIONS

Ad nauseam

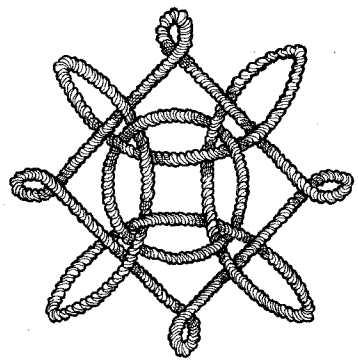
When the Boston Red Sox installed a display of giant Coke bottles above the left field wall this season, local sportswriters protested that such tacky commercialism tainted the sanctity of Fenway Park. But ballparks have long been littered with billboards and ads. Today, teams even sell corporations the right to name the stadium: the Colorado Rockies, for example, play in Coors Field. However distasteful, such commercialism does not seem to corrupt the game or diminish the play.

The same cannot be said of the newest commercial frontier—the public schools. The corporate invasion of the classroom threatens to turn schools into havens for hucksterism. Eager to cash in on a captive audience of consumers-in-training, companies have flooded teachers with free videos, posters and "learning kits" designed to sanitize corporate images and emblazon brand names in the minds of children. Students can now learn about nutrition from curricular materials supplied by Hershey's Chocolate or McDonald's, or study the effects of the Alaska oil spill in a video made by Exxon. According to *Giving Kids the Business*, by Alex Molnar, a Monsanto video teaches the merits of bovine growth hormone in milk production, while Proctor & Gamble's environmental curriculum teaches that disposable diapers are good for the earth.

Not all corporate-sponsored educational freebies promote ideological agendas; some simply plug the brand name. A few years ago, the Campbell Soup Company offered a science kit that showed students how to prove that Campbell's Prego spaghetti sauce is thicker than Ragu. General Mills distributed science kits containing free samples of its Gusher fruit snacks, with soft centers that "gush" when bitten. The teacher's guide suggested that students bite into the Gushers and compare the effect to geothermal eruptions. A Tootsie Roll kit on counting and writing recommends that, for homework, children interview family members about their memories of Tootsie Rolls.

While some marketers seek to insinuate brand names into the curriculum, others take a more direct approach: buying advertisements in schools. When the Seattle School Board faced a budget crisis last fall, it voted to solicit corporate advertising. School officials hoped to raise $1 million a year with sponsorships like "the cheerleaders, brought to you by Reebok" and "the McDonald's gym." Protests from parents and teachers forced the Seattle schools to suspend the policy this year, but such marketing is a growing presence in schools across the country.

Corporate logos now clamor for student attention from school buses to book covers. In Colorado Springs, advertisements for Mountain Dew adorn school hallways, and ads for Burger King decorate the sides of school buses. A Massachusetts firm distributes free book covers hawking Nike, Gatorade and Calvin Klein to almost 25 million students nationwide. A Minnesota broadcasting company pipes music into school corridors and cafeterias in fifteen states, with twelve minutes of commercials every hour. Forty percent of the ad revenue goes to the schools.



The most egregious example of the commercialization in schools is Channel One, a twelve-minute television news program seen by 8 million students in 12,000 schools. Introduced in 1990 by Whittle Communications, Channel One offers schools a television set for each classroom, two VCRs and a satellite link in exchange for an agreement to show the program every day, including the two minutes of commercials it contains. Since Channel One reaches over 40 percent of the nation's teenagers, it is able to charge advertisers a hefty $200,000 per thirty-second spot. In its pitch to advertisers, the company promises access to the largest teen audience in history in a setting free of "the usual distractions of telephones, stereos, remote controls, etc." The Whittle program shattered the taboo against outright advertising in the classroom. Despite controversy in many states, only New York has banned Channel One from its schools.

Unlike the case of baseball, the rampant commercialization of schools is corrupting in two ways. First, most corporate-sponsored learning supplements are ridden with bias, distortion and superficial fare. A recent study by Consumers Union found that nearly 80 percent of classroom freebies are slanted toward the sponsor's product. An independent study of Channel One released earlier this year found that its news programs contributed little to students' grasp of public affairs. Only 20 percent of its airtime covers current political, economic or cultural events. The rest is devoted to advertising, sports, weather and natural disasters.

But, even if corporate sponsors supplied objective teaching tools of impeccable quality, commercial advertising would still be a pernicious presence in the classroom because it undermines the purposes for which schools exist. Advertising encourages people to want things and to satisfy their desires: education encourages people to reflect on their desires, to restrain or to elevate them. The purpose of advertising is to recruit consumers; the purpose of public schools is to cultivate citizens.

It is not easy to teach students to be citizens, capable of thinking critically about the world around them, when so much of childhood consists of basic training for a commercial society. At a time when children come to school as walking billboards of logos and labels and licensed apparel, it is all the more difficult—and all the more important—for schools to create some distance from a popular culture drenched in the ethos of consumerism.

But advertising abhors distance. It blurs the boundaries between places, and makes every setting a site for selling. "Discover your own river of revenue at the schoolhouse gates!" proclaims the brochure for the 4th Annual Kid Power Marketing Conference, held last May in New Orleans. "Whether it's first-graders learning to read or teenagers shopping for their first car, we can guarantee an introduction of your product and your company to these students in the traditional setting of the classroom!" Marketers are storming the schoolhouse gates for the same reason that Willie Sutton robbed banks—because that's where the money is. Counting the amount they spend and the amount they influence their parents to spend, 6- to 19-year-old consumers now account for $485 billion in spending per year.

The growing financial clout of kids is itself a lamentable symptom of parents abdicating their role as mediators between children and the market. Meanwhile, faced with property tax caps, budget cuts and rising enrollments, cash-strapped schools are more vulnerable to the siren song of corporate sponsors. Rather than raise the public funds we need to pay the full cost of educating our schoolchildren, we choose instead to sell their time and rent their minds to Burger King and Mountain Dew.

MICHAEL J. SANDEL

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

No Trifling With Love

Here is yet another new, true talent. In the past few months we've seen the arrival of some extraordinary director-writers, Elie Suleiman (*Chronicle of a Disappearance*) and the Dardenne brothers (*La Promesse*). Now a first film by Neil LaBute, **In the Company of Men** (Sony Pictures Classics), certainly ranks him with those others.

LaBute, an American, is and continues to be a playwright as well as screenwriter, so let's look first at his screenplay. *In the Company of Men* follows a cruel male prank played on a woman. Chad and Howard are young executives of a huge corporation. They were college friends: Howard outranks Chad at the office. Both men have had multiple dealings with women, and both have had troubles therein. They are now being sent, for a six-week project, to an office of their company in another city, and Chad proposes a scheme. Howard soon agrees. In that other city each will woo the same young woman, yet unknown, and will persuade her of his seriousness. Then they will simply leave at the end of six weeks—"pull the rug from under her" is their phrase—and have her misery to chortle over for the rest of their lives.

Of course we know from the start that, just because the scheme has been hatched, it will not turn out as planned. But this surety on our parts becomes part of the subtext of the picture, whose main text is the exercise of power, ruthlessly. Two males, Chad who schemes, Howard who not-too-reluctantly complies, are having their revenge on women in what may be the dwindling days of male dominance. All through history, despite that dominance and allowing for exceptions, men have been the suppliants, women the grantors, and these two males are out for revenge—possibly before it is too late.

A particularly poignant touch, which broadens rather than narrows the film, is that the girl they choose in that other city is deaf. A highly competent typist in the large office, attractive, bright, winning, Christine is stone deaf. This increases the delight particularly of Chad because, as he thinks, it makes her more vulnerable. But for us she becomes more complex, more versed in ways she must handle every experience. In the end the rug is pulled from under her, as planned. But another rug is also pulled, which was not planned—involving Howard's involvement with Christine.

And there's still a third rug. What insidiously complicates this sexual-power prank is its intertwining with business-power maneuvers on Chad's part. Chad, as we soon see, is not only out for sex revenge but business revenge, a resentment, cloaked under heavy palship, of Howard's position in the firm. This resentment works its way out through various dealings, but the most errant and brutal display of office power occurs in a scene with an ambitious black junior of Chad's, as Chad humiliates him in the guise of testing his stamina.

The dialogue crackles forward at a level that has been set in recent American films by such director-writers as David O. Russell (*Spanking the Monkey*), Hal Hartley (*Simple Men*), Whit Stillman (*Barcelona*). It's insufficiently acknowledged that the writing—the sheer writing—of some younger American filmmakers is at least at the level of some of their contemporaries who write only for the theater. No one or two lines would adequately convey the feral vitality of LaBute's writing, the slashing-and-biting as dynamics. He writes with that razor-keen edge that keeps the dialogue moving just past what we expect, without seeming freakish or fake. His two men speak like people who are tired of conventional movie dialogue yet often find themselves in movie situations and who itch to freshen up what they say.

LaBute has disclosed that the inspiration for his film came from Restoration comedy, and surely the patterned vices of Congreve, Vanbrugh and Company streak the air around this picture. But, early on, I began to think of a play from another time and place, Musset's *No Trifling With Love*. This seemingly light, bitter, ultimately terrible play crystallizes the unforeseen results of games with human feelings in something of the same mode as LaBute's piece.

An unusually fine screenplay, then, yet LaBute's accomplishment goes further. He has envisioned a cinematic style for his film that harmonizes exactly with its theme and mood. Excepting the work of Miklos Jancsó, I have rarely seen a film in which there was so little editing. Scene after scene, particularly the shorter ones, is set before us, in a complementary frame, then played in one steady shot. In the longer scenes LaBute edits, sparingly.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Guantanamera. *A funeral cortège across Cuba runs into some complications that both satirize bureaucracy and kindle romance. Tomás Gutiérrez Alea's last film is engaging. (Reviewed 7/28/97)* **Mrs. Brown.** *The odd, almost unbelievable story of the widowed Queen Victoria and the Scottish groom. Very well acted by Judi Dench and Billy Connolly. (8/4/97)* **La Promesse.** *Belgian. In an industrial slum a 15-year-old boy has the world opened to him by some African workers. Excellent in every way. (5/26/97)* **Ulee's Gold.** *Peter Fonda, quietly firm, as a Florida beekeeper whose family gets entangled with criminals. The local life is explored lovingly by the director Victor Nunez. (7/7/97)* **—SK**

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Mostly he puts an audio-visual plaque before us, its cool presentation a perfect match for what is going on. Tony Hettinger, the cinematographer, understands exactly what is wanted, and he renders the interiors of airports and corporate beehives as frigid testing grounds for the spirits of the people within.

Some secondary characters fill out the design, but in principle this is a three-character film. Stacy Edwards, lovely, plays Christine with dignity and warmth. The hollow voice that Edwards uses soon becomes nothing more or less than the deaf Christine's voice. We expect her to speak this way, that's all, and she is so taking that we want to hear what she has to say.

Matt Molloy plays Howard, giving unexpected strength—therefore interest—to a character who seems at first to be something of a stooge for Chad even though he outranks the other man. The metamorphosis that comes Howard's way is genuinely moving.

Chad, the key player in the enterprise, is done by Aaron Eckhart, who might be called a young Charlton Heston except that he is much more supple in every way. Chad—the character as such—does considerable acting in the film, and Eckhart handles the two tracks of the man with utter conviction. At the end, in circumstances we have not foreseen, Chad says smugly that he can sell anything. This seems to be true; and Eckhart presents it so that we know that Chad doesn't know how much he is saying.

In LaBute's delicately savage film, evil goes unpunished. What a relief. We are flooded, in films and plays and novels, with so-called "affirmation of the human spirit," which means that good triumphs and/or virtue is rewarded. As if that were all of the human spirit. Some of us have noted other aspects of that spirit. Sometimes, not infrequently, virtue is defeated or ignored and other qualities triumph. LaBute is affirming the human spirit, all right—just a somewhat neglected area. •

Man the Machine

BY JACKSON LEARS

The One Best Way: Frederick Winslow Taylor and the Enigma of Efficiency by Robert Kanigel

(Viking, 675 pp., $34.95)

An arrogant young rich man is accustomed to the perquisites of leisure-class life, but he is impatient with its aimlessness. He yearns for a more disciplined and purposeful existence. His yearnings become obsessions, as he compulsively measures and organizes the particulars of his life, down to and including the length of his stride when walking. Itching for absolute control over his inner and outer environment, he is troubled by insomnia and recurring nightmares. He devises a sleeping cage made of sharp sticks that prod him awake whenever he lies on his back, the position that leaves him most vulnerable to those horrific dreams. In a dramatic declaration of independence, he rejects a leisure-class university education and makes a career of his compulsions. Using a stopwatch, he breaks down every factory task into its component parts, times each part to show how quickly it can be done, then recombines them all into a more efficient whole. Industrialists pay him huge sums to show them how to cut labor costs by laying off workers and forcing the ones that remain to conform to higher standards of output. Soon the entire industrialized world is marching to the pace set by this obsessive-compulsive insomniac.

This is not a script by Rod Serling. It is a B-movie version of the true story of Frederick Winslow Taylor, the father of scientific management. A closer and more thoughtful look would reveal a more complex story, or so one assumed until Robert Kanigel's biography. Kanigel is an assiduous researcher and a reasonably vigorous writer. He recreates the sights, the sounds and the smells of a variety of social worlds, from the Alpine resorts where young Fred and his family sometimes tarried for weeks to the gritty, clattering shop floor of Midvale Steel in Philadelphia, where Taylor made his debut as a management consultant. Kanigel amasses mounds of detail in an effort to humanize Taylor, and bends over backwards to be fairminded. He insists that a Taylorized world is the price that we pay for the mountains of things that we take for granted. And, for all of Kanigel's efforts, Taylor remains a repellent man. The story of his success remains a horror story.

Biography, by exploring a life in all its messy idiosyncrasy, usually shows how human experience eludes large explanatory systems. With Taylor, the opposite is the case. He resists complexity, invites stereotype, provokes parody. If Kanigel's book leaves Taylor vulnerable to various simplifications, from Twilight Zone scenarios to academic theories, it's not Kanigel's fault. It's Taylor's. Even from a scholarly perspective (and Kanigel has an impressive command of the relevant literature), Taylor's life often seems little more than an invention of Marx, Freud and Weber, the grand masters supposedly driven from the field by the postmodern forces of fragmentation. The closer one looks at Taylor, the more he seems to be a walking illustration of classical social theory, not really a man at all. For Taylor, who wrote that "in the past the man has been first; in the future the System must be first," this fate somehow seems fitting.

Contemplating Taylor's life causes one to reconsider all sorts of unfashionable explanatory traditions. Consider Taylor's pioneering career as a management consultant. Like his contemporary descendants in that black art, Taylor showed factory owners how they could minimize labor costs by firing superfluous employees and maximizing productivity among those who remained. The impulse to "close up the pores of the working day," as Marx put it, was hardly new among industrialists, but Taylor provided a new rationale. The key, in his view, was to wrest control over work—its pace, its process, its texture—away from the workers themselves. Before Taylor introduced scientific management, shop lore held that the manager's brains were under the worker's cap. Taylor removed the brains and smeared them around the planning department, where white-collar workers made sure that their blue-collar brethren performed each task in "the one best way" defined by "time-and-motion study."

Though it would be hard to find a much clearer agenda for class domination, Taylor insisted that his system was actually a path to a utopian realm of abundance beyond labor and capital, where a classless population embraced a universal harmony of interests under the beneficent gaze of science. In the history of American class relations, this was a

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familiar rhetorical move: a beneficiary of concentrated wealth identifies (perhaps sincerely) the interests of his own class with those of humanity at large, disarming social conflict with the supposed neutrality of science.

Still, Marx can only take us so far toward an understanding of Taylor. The equally unfashionable Freud is equally indispensable. Taylor, who devoted his life to "the elimination of waste in industry," may be one of the select group of human beings who truly deserves the epithet "anal character." As Sudhir Kakar showed twenty-five years ago in a psychoanalytically informed study of Taylor, his "scientific" strategies for controlling workers were an extension of his own compulsive efforts to control his inner and outer environment. Besides calibrating his stride, young Fred spent childhood hours learning to sew quickly, in regular stitches, and measuring the exact dimensions of the fields where he and his friends played rounders. He feared any situation in which he was not in control, including sleep. Beginning in early adolescence and throughout his adulthood, he was tormented by headaches, by insomnia, by the nightmares that drove him to devise his sleeping harness, by inexplicable nervous breakdowns. The most consequential of these collapses led to his leaving Phillips Exeter Academy and embarking on a management career from the shop floor up.

As he projected his yearnings for control onto the workplace, Taylor often lost his grip on his own volcanic rage. Even his hagiographer Franklin Copley admitted that Taylor's fighting spirit was "almost pathological" in its intensity. Among workers, he became famous for his foul mouth and infamous for his sustained and bitter assault on "soldiering"—the practice of slowing the pace of work to maintain a tolerable piece-rate, or just to take things easy. Throughout his life Taylor slept fitfully, raged frequently and scrupulously avoided all stimulants, even tea.

This was a strange and difficult man. Yet he was more than the sum of his symptoms. His neurotic style arose from and reinforced broad cultural developments. As Weber no doubt understood, scientific management represented the ultimate secularization and self-cancellation of the Protestant Ethic. Taylor's obsession with control was rooted in Protestant sanctions for disciplined, useful achievement; and so was his impatience with the leisured existence of proper Philadelphians like his father. A gilded youth accustomed to private tutors and leisurely European vacations, Taylor (like his contemporary Theodore Roosevelt) devoted his adult life to demonstrating that exceptional privilege need not doom a man to an effete spectatorial existence. Indeed, he was determined to claim a messianic role in his crusade for scientific management; "words like creed, cult, gospel, dogma, faith, and prophet dog any account of its history," Kanigel writes. The words are there because they capture Taylor's religious zeal and its effect on his followers.

Yet Taylorism was the Protestant Ethic in skeletal form, stripped of spiritual and even ethical flesh. The notion that Taylorized work could constitute a calling was ludicrous. Taylorized work was pure technique, devoid of any connection with the worker's mind or soul. Productivity was process; it had nothing to do with meaning or purpose. Maybe that was why Taylorism could appeal to Lenin and Mussolini (as well as Brandeis), why it so successfully penetrated so many industrial states, capitalist and communist, throughout the twentieth century.

If the assembly line was like a giant tortoise which could adapt to a single evolutionary niche, Kanigel observes, the Taylor system was like a virus that could spread anywhere. As the twentieth century progressed, Taylorism seeped into offices, schools, even kitchens. (The latter application was too ludicrous to make much headway: "approach kitchen drawer: .04 minutes; remove can-opener: .02 minutes; open canned peas: .1 minutes," and so on.) Time-and-motion study played a central role in making offices seem more like factories and schools seem more like prisons. Ultimately, Taylorism survived most significantly as a set of rhetorical tendencies and tacit assumptions—an impulse to mask concentrated power in spurious technical language, a belief in a disembodied ideal of "productivity" as the highest aim of human aspiration. Taylor's career raises fundamental questions about the meanings of work and leisure in a managerial age. The Taylor system was not merely a shop floor strategy. It was a way of being in the world.

Defenders of Taylor usually leave the larger picture out of focus. They tend to be academics and freelance journalists whose work has remained largely self-directed and comfortably insulated from Taylorite discipline, indeed from all manual labor. To Kanigel's credit, he breaks this mold. He has informed himself about the labor that he describes. He asks large questions, though his answers are not as pointed as one might hope. He aptly describes workers' grudging acceptance of Taylorism as a "Faustian bargain": they exchanged their craft, knowledge and control over the labor process for (slightly) higher wages and (sometimes) shorter hours. Erratic as those rewards often were, their appeal was genuine, especially to workers immured in a life of just scraping by. Yet Kanigel also allows himself to wonder whether acres of washing machines and word processors were worth the tedium required to produce them. He is fair to Taylorism and to the workers who resisted it.

Sometimes the fairness turns to dullness, as the biographer's point of view disappears into a mass of long quotations. Taylor's point of view, on the other hand, is almost never in doubt. Whatever his inner turmoil, throughout his life he displayed the moral certainty common to his class. He was born in 1856 amid the pastoral affluence of Germantown, which was then on its way to becoming Philadelphia's most fashionable neighborhood. His father was a mild-mannered nonpracticing lawyer, content to live on his investments and to cultivate the leisure available to Main Line Quakers in the late nineteenth century. His mother was a different sort of Quaker (who eventually turned Unitarian), a moralist with a sense of mission.

From her and her abolitionist friends, young Fred imbibed "a sense of life as a titanic struggle," as Kanigel writes. He sometimes smarted under her demands for perfection (especially grammatical perfection), but he preferred her engagement to his father's spectatorship. The young man grew up a pillar of upper-class conventionality, sporting the right clothes and the right toys at the right moments. He was fascinated by velocipedes, for example, but he waited to buy one until they were peaking in popularity. "He had no taste for what was not yet in the air," Kanigel writes. "He was always, if unconsciously, in fashion." This knack would later help him transform his ideas into conventional wisdom.

Despite his apparent comfort, Fred was hardly carefree. By the time he went to Exeter, his inner demons were driving him to study far into the night, in a barely successful effort to stand at the head of the class. Clinging by his fingernails to his class rank, he complained to his parents of headaches, insomnia and eyestrain. In his eagerness to present Fred as a normal American boy, Kanigel treats these ailments as purely physiological. Fred's parents urged him to slow down, implying that his modest natural gifts placed him among the "dull boys," who could achieve distinction only through extraordinary "care, attention, and perseverance." Fred agreed that he was "not very brilliant," but he continued to plug away until March of his

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junior year, when the eye problems forced him to leave school.

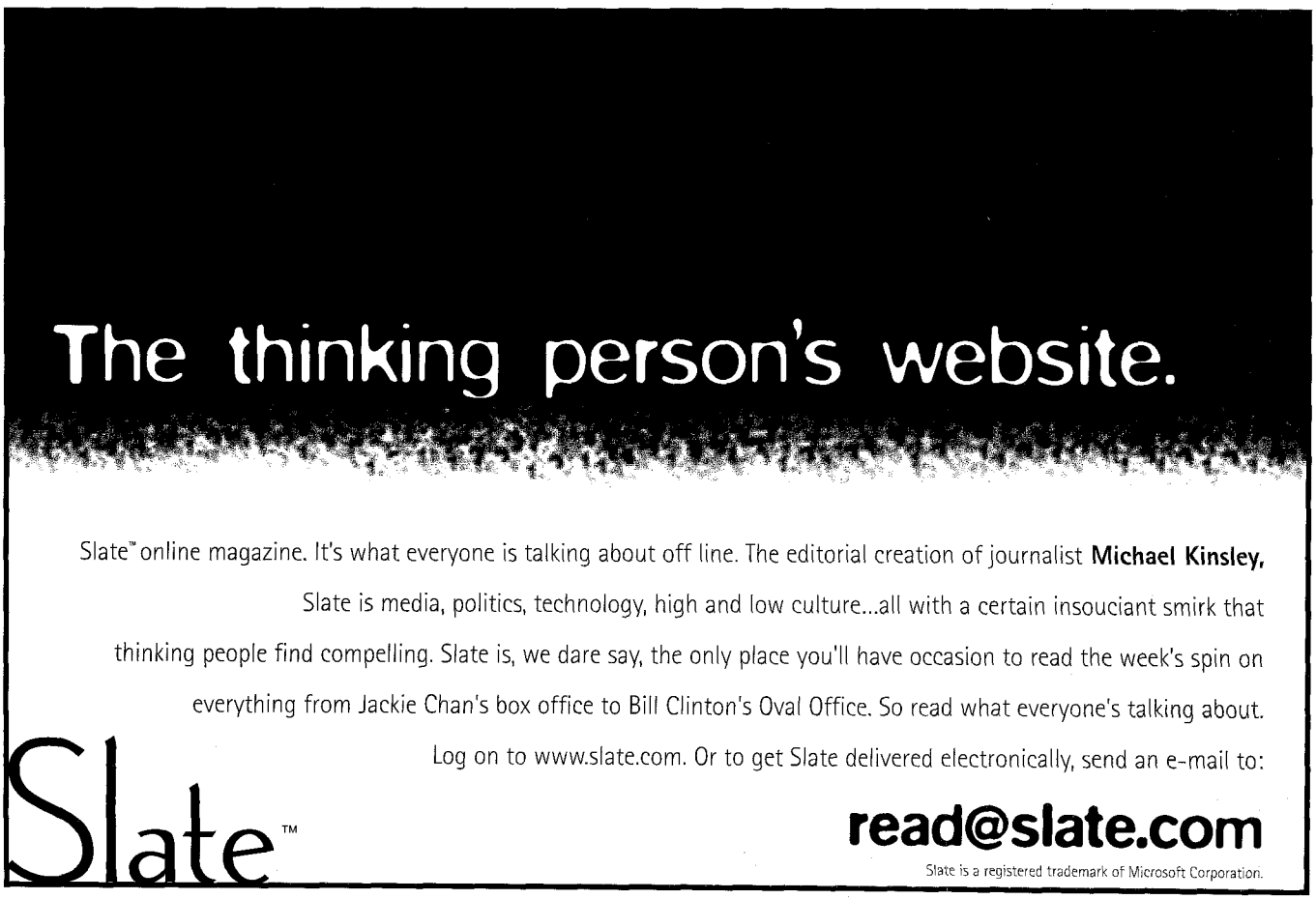
No documents record Fred's state of mind during the eighteen months between his departure from Exeter and his decision to take a job as an apprentice patternmaker in a family friend's factory, the Ferrell & Jones pump works. He wavered enough in his rebellion to take the Harvard entrance examination, which he passed with honors. But ultimately, in late 1874, he chose a path strikingly at odds with his cultural inheritance and his family expectations. It could not have been an easy choice. Taylor had never shown any particular interest in or aptitude for manual labor. Making wooden patterns for iron molds was a difficult and demanding task, one that took skilled craftsmen years to master. For Taylor, however, the work was satisfying. What he learned of materials and techniques seemed to him a secret knowledge, unavailable to his foppish friends back on the Main Line. Commuting between two worlds, he must have been a mystery to the men at the pump works. Unlike Teddy Roosevelt, who never pretended he was anything but an Eastern dude out West, Taylor wanted to be one of the boys. He took up "compulsive swearing," Kanigel reports, but so ineptly that the results were often comic.

Taylor's awkward swearing captured the anomalies of his situation. His rebellion against gentility was constrained by his privilege. He was not looking at a life's work as a patternmaker, and everyone knew it. After a few months at patternmaking, he was off to another apprenticeship as a machinist, running drill presses, lathes and planers—the "master tools" that made the parts for locomotives, printing presses, textile mills and all the other behemoths that powered the industrial revolution. He took six months off to work at the Philadelphia Centennial, where he represented a group of New England machine tool manufacturers to potential foreign buyers—another job that came through a family connection.

Finally, in 1878, he completed his apprenticeship at Ferrell & Jones and took a machinist's job at Midvale Steel Company. Members of the Midvale hierarchy were frequently present at the Taylors' dinner table. Another friend of a friend was the president of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, where Taylor managed to earn a degree in mechanical engineering without ever attending a class. Everywhere he turned, Fred found family friends in key positions. His efforts at solidarity with the workers were always compromised by his elite connections.

This became plain when Taylor was promoted to foreman of a machine shop at Midvale. Like other skilled workers, machinists were caught in the contradictions of the piece-rate. The more they produced, the more money they made—but only up to a point. Then the boss cut the rate to save labor costs. To the workers, the solution was obvious: cool down the pace, have a smoke, shoot the breeze. Restrict output to retain the going rate, and in the process maintain a companionable atmosphere in the workplace. Taylor was infuriated by these tactics. He cursed, he bullied, he ran the lathe himself to show how productively it could be done. Nothing worked. The men fought back with "ingenious accidents" and threats, remaining sunk in their old ways, costing the company thousands, maybe millions of dollars.

Or so Taylor thought. Gradually he began to formulate a more effective, multi-pronged strategy. A part of it was technological: new grinding machines, thicker belts, high-speed steel that could withstand the temperatures produced by continuous use. A part of it was motivational: a differential piece-rate, which paid more to workers who produced more. But the core of the new strategy was the method that Taylor devised for fixing the higher rate: disassembling each job into segments, timing the swiftest possible performance of each, and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reassembling them to demonstrate "the one best way" to machine a locomotive wheel or overhaul a boiler.

Taylor wrote up each task as a series of steps on an instruction card, which he mounted at the job site. Workers were rewarded with the higher rate if they followed instructions—if they did things Taylor's way, not their way. This was the key to scientific management: what Kanigel calls "a sharp, permanent split between thinking and doing" in the workplace, between the thinkers in the planning department and the doers on the shop floor. "If the stock Taylorized drone had become 'mindless,'" Kanigel writes, "his white collar counterpart, lost to numbers, forms, charts, and rules—no longer repacking a bearing, no longer hoisting a casting onto a planer bed—had become 'bodyless.'" Here was a mind-body dualism with a vengeance.

But Taylor was no closet Cartesian. What drove him was a hatred of waste, rooted in an inner necessity. As productivity at Midvale increased, Taylor's reputation spread. In 1890, he left the plant to take up freelance work as the first practitioner of what would become known as "management consulting." As Taylor brought time-and-motion study to the construction industry, Kanigel writes, "he would establish the time needed to fill one wheelbarrow, walk one foot, drive one nail." One can imagine the bemusement of the building trades, but other Taylorizing efforts had more substantial results. His study of steel ball inspectors at the Simonds Rolling Mill "showed that the girls spent a considerable part of their time either in partial idleness, talking and half working, or in actually doing nothing." By demanding continuous productivity, Taylor reduced the number of "girls," shortened the workday of those who were left, and eliminated the time wasted in socializing at work.

Taylor's horror of anyone "actually doing nothing" stemmed from his own obsessions. "The compulsive traits evident from Taylor's childhood," as Kanigel observes, "found an appropriate outlet" in scientific management—appropriate for him, maybe, but not necessarily for anyone around him. Projecting his private needs onto the public arena, he rejected the regimentation that he demanded of his subordinates, and raged when they refused to conform to his rules. He had taken his youthful demons and released them into American industry; they would never be contained again.

Taylor claimed to bridge class differences, but his system (and his personality) accentuated them. Like many rich Americans before him and after, he simply could not own up to the power conferred by his own privilege, to the distance that it put between him and the vast majority of humankind. Unlike them, he could set standards that he was free to flout himself. As Kanigel writes, "the same man who held others to strict work rules and stopwatch-timed hundredths of a minute could be, toward himself, remarkably indulgent. He was routinely late for dinner and meetings, cursed at the slightest provocation, bellowed when crossed, belted out 'A Warrior Bold' *con spirito*, wrote letters to his house cat, and doctored stories when it suited him."

Maybe it was that spirited rendition of "A Warrior Bold" that charmed Louise Spooner, whose family had known the Taylors since she and Fred were babies. They married in 1884. It was not a happy choice, at least for her. "One could not live with a nature like Fred's," Louise later wrote, "without its dominating one's whole life." Frequent moving, living out of suitcases, long stretches of social isolation, her husband's inability to relax on the rare occasions when he was around: it all made Louise as fretful an insomniac as Fred. When he died in 1915, her years of nervous illness ended; she was happier than she had been in years.

The couple was childless but adopted Louise's niece and two of her nephews after their parents died in a lurid murder-suicide. Taylor was a devoted father. Even as he mellowed in middle life, however, he projected his old obsessions onto his stepchildren. Suspicious of reading for pleasure, he repeatedly tore the boys from their books and sent them outside to play. He created rules for everything, and infractions had to be walked off fifty or a hundred times around the driveway in front of the Taylors' house. All this was simply a more regimented version of standard patriarchal practice, but with Taylor the search for order went beyond Victorian discipline. It was a kind of quest. As his stepson Kempton recalled in a classic understatement: "One of Papa's characteristics was the readiness with which he subjected human activity to law and regulation." And Taylor himself told the other boy, Robert, that "any time you start poking under the cover of something or looking into something you begin to find laws. These are the laws of creation, or of nature, or *something*. They're there."

Taylor spent his career looking for law in the workplace, but it is an open question how much he found there and how much he put there. The more closely one examines his "science," the more spurious it seems. Consider the most famous application of scientific management, the one that Taylor cited repeatedly in subsequent years to support his claims for his system. He had been hired by Bethlehem Steel to bring efficiency to the common labors of the plant, such as loading pig iron onto railroad cars. To show just how productively it could be done, Taylor had first to find the right man. He picked Henry Noll, who was wiry, energetic and ambitious, but not too bright. And that last trait was the significant one, Taylor explained in his later accounts. He wanted a man "so stupid and so phlegmatic that he more nearly resembles in his mental make-up the ox than any other type." In the promotional lore of scientific management, Noll became the cloddish "Schmidt," who quadrupled his output of pig iron, and raised his pay from $1.15 to $1.70 a day, merely by following Taylor's instructions.

What actually happened was more complicated, as Kanigel shows. Taylor picked ten of the best men in the yard gang (Noll was one of them) to see how fast they could load one car. Flat out, they loaded 16.5 tons in fourteen minutes. On that basis, Taylor calculated each man could load 71 tons a day, which he rounded up to 75. Then he lopped off 40 percent for rest and other delays, to come up with a final figure of 45 tons a day. As Kanigel acknowledges, the 75-ton baseline was "wildly artificial" and the 40 percent was "sheer witchcraft." Yet this was standard procedure for scientific management. Calculations were based on arbitrarily chosen figures. The appearance of precision counted more than the actuality. (One of Taylor's assistants routinely recorded 3 seconds as ".00083 hours.")

Everything Taylor touched, from job descriptions to accounting procedures, became progressively more baroque in its complexity, all in the name of "system." Scientific management, like other forms of managerial thought, was often more about simulating efficiency than delivering it. From the outset, the results at Bethlehem were mixed. Workers bitterly resented the new standards. Few were willing to endure the oppressive toil required to become a "high-priced man." After several days, only Noll was left from the original ten.

In retelling the story of "Schmidt" to rapt industrialists or suspicious congressmen, Taylor conveniently left out the larger context. This was part of a recurring pattern in his life: the merger of the scientific manager with the confidence man. In recalling his stint at

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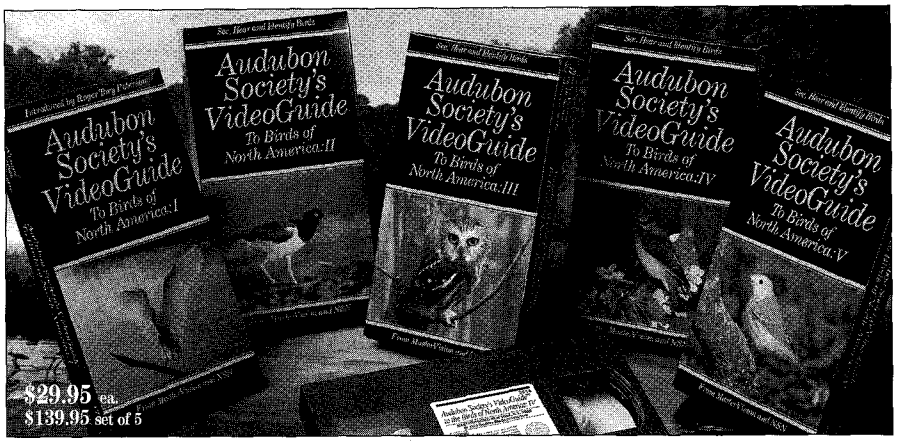
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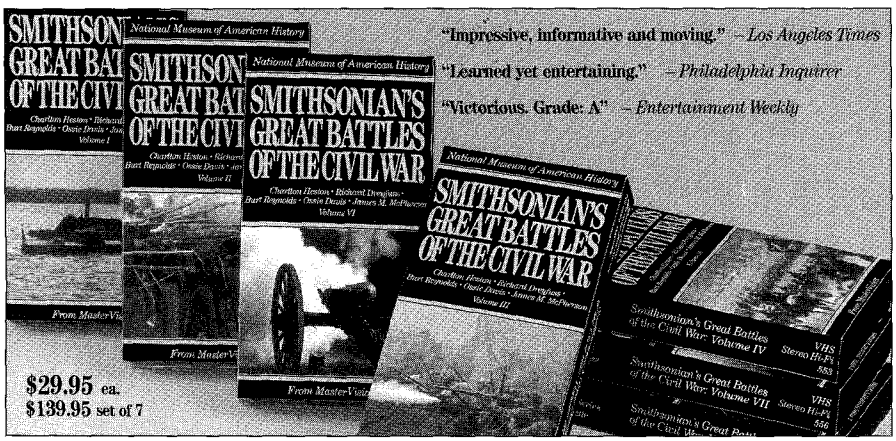
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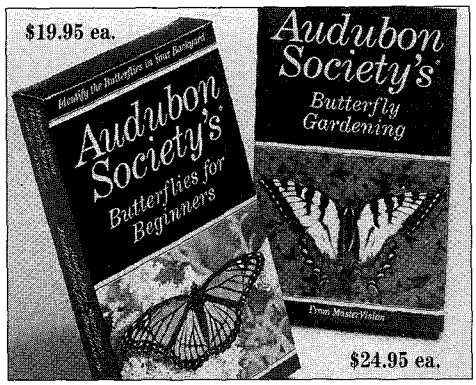

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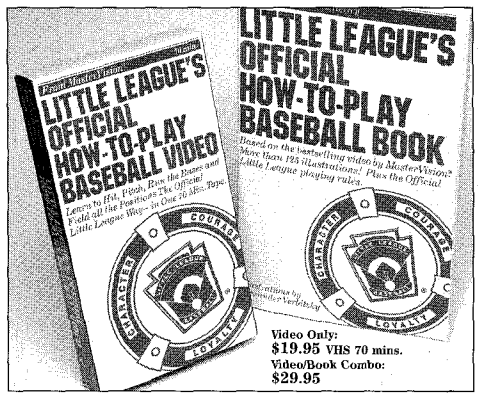

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Bethlehem, he put a triumphant façade on what was actually a disaster. Kanigel summarizes: "Scientific management, in anything like the form in which he had introduced it, did not last at Bethlehem Steel. His scientific time studies weren't very scientific. He had left a legacy not of harmony but turmoil. And he had been ignominiously fired." Yet Taylor turned the Bethlehem experience into a parable of progress, a key moment in the inexorable movement toward utopian harmony between workers and managers. Submission to science, the impartial arbiter, would render old conflicts obsolete.

This was an appealing argument, especially to progressive-minded Americans in the early twentieth century. For more than a decade, Taylor preached his gospel to industrialists and engineers, at professional meetings and at fireside gatherings at his Philadelphia estate. In 1910, he became a national celebrity when Louis D. Brandeis used the Taylor system as the linchpin of his legal argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The big Eastern railroads had proposed a rate hike; Brandeis, "the people's lawyer," suspected the public was being asked to subsidize the railroads' inefficiency. He had read some of Taylor's papers, and began meeting with the inner circle of Taylor devotees (including Harrington Emerson, H.L. Gantt and Frank Gilbreth, the future protagonist of *Cheaper by the Dozen*). He also corresponded with Taylor. After several weeks, Brandeis told the ICC: "We shall show that the principles of scientific management are general in their operation" and that, when applied to the railroads, those principles demonstrated that no rate hike was necessary.

The next day, *The New York Times* headline read: "ROADS COULD SAVE $1,000,000 A DAY—BRANDEIS SAYS SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT WOULD DO IT." Almost overnight, Taylorism became a progressive panacea, the science that would solve social conflict without challenging the unequal distribution of wealth. Suddenly Taylor was everywhere, granting interviews to obsequious reporters, serializing *Principles of Scientific Management* in the *American* magazine. In 1911, anything that smacked of scientific method and also promised harmony between capital and labor was bound to attract support among the anxious middle and upper classes. Decades of bitter strife lay behind Brandeis's reassuring remark: "under scientific management, men are led, not driven."

But labor did not want to be led, at least in Taylor's direction. At Midvale, he had bristled against "the blind and unaccountable prejudice on the part of machinists to any improvement or change, although it may be more for the interest of the workman than the employer." Wherever scientific management was introduced, workers had trouble seeing how it served their interests. At the Watertown Arsenal in Massachusetts and at the Rock Island Arsenal in Illinois, they resisted, as they had at Midvale and Bethlehem. Since those were government facilities, the House Labor Committee held hearings to allow workers to express their grievances, in the spring of 1911. The committee chairman was William B. Wilson of Pennsylvania, a former coal miner, later Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of Labor, and Taylor's implacable foe. Wilson heard angry testimony from union leaders, including the machinists' head James O'Connell. "The whole scheme of the system is to remove the head of the workmen," he charged. "Taylor and his assistants declare: 'Give us big physical men and we will do the thinking for them.' The scheme tends to wipe out all the manhood and genius of the American workman and make him a mere machine, to be driven at high speed until he breaks down, and then to be thrown onto the scrap heap."

Nothing came of the hearings until August, when the workers at Watertown walked off the job. The House convened a "Special Committee to Investigate the Taylor and Other Systems of Shop Management," with Wilson as chair. Extracting extended testimony from Taylor devotees and ultimately from Taylor himself, Wilson exposed the arbitrariness of the managers' numbers and the glibness of their talk about the "long term." Like other modernizers before and since, they dismissed any difficulties created by their innovations as merely transitional phenomena. Still, as Kanigel says, Wilson "was thinking of men and women trapped in that intellectually uninteresting 'short term' where they actually lived and suffered." With Taylor squirming on the stand, Wilson skewered his system's claims to science, pointing out that employers could use time and motion study to serve their own ends, to create their own self-interested definitions of soldiering. "It ceases to be scientific management the moment it is used for bad," Taylor responded lamely. After this weak performance, Taylor asked for a transcript of his sworn testimony, which he was (amazingly) allowed to rewrite completely, putting his statements in a stronger light. Privilege continued to confer power.

The final committee report rebuked Taylor, but only mildly. It repeated some of Wilson's favorite themes: a stopwatch could say how fast work could be done, but not how fast work should be done; and the worker was not a machine. But it did nothing to stop the spread of Taylorism through American industry. Through the 1920s, unions weakened and gradually warmed to the system they had previously vilified. Managerial liberals applauded. In THE NEW REPUBLIC, Stuart Chase wrote that "the garment trades, the machinists, many miners and railroad workers have learned that there can be no increase in real wages until industrial waste is checked." During the 1930s, as unions reasserted their power and acquired a broader industrial base, managers grudgingly learned to accommodate collective bargaining demands by restricting them to wages and hours and focusing instead on the protection of managerial prerogatives—including the prerogative to Taylorize work. The Faustian bargain was sealed by the start of World War II.

After the war, however, the field of "personnel management" began to leaven Taylor's flat emphasis on monetary rewards with a therapeutic language of participation and self-esteem. Even Peter Drucker, who believed that scientific management was perhaps "the most lasting contribution America has made to Western thought since the Federalist papers," criticized Taylor's mechanistic model of human behavior and his rigid separation between planning and doing. Still, in Drucker's work (as well as the work of less prolific theorists) clouds of verbiage concealed the continuing centrality of the bottom line, the obsessive preoccupation with what Drucker called "peak performance" in the service of managerial goals.

At the job site, one thing was clear: workers had traded control over the labor process for job security, higher wages and a modicum of leisure. The deal worked during the comparatively stable and prosperous postwar decades, but by the early 1970s it began to fall apart. A new generation of workers became restive under rules that their parents had taken for granted. A new generation of managers confronted a world in which they could no longer remain indifferent to the competitive pressures of the world economy. Eager to cut labor costs, they broke their half of the Faustian bargain and inaugurated two decades of downsizing.

Amid these unstable conditions, contemporary management theorists have begun to jettison Taylor. Drucker has continued to pay his respects to Taylorism even as he declares its irrelevance

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to *The Age of Discontinuity* (1969) that is allegedly producing *Post-Capitalist Society* (1993). Younger gurus are more openly dismissive. To Tom Peters and his hip colleagues in "liberation management," Taylor looks like an old Victorian frump. Taylorism, from either view, is an outmoded ideology. The Fordist moment has passed. The organization men of the 1950s have been superseded, if you believe the management theorists, by resurgent risk-taking entrepreneurs who brag "WE EAT CHANGE FOR BREAKFAST" (as one tells Peters). These postmodern self-made men have re-engineered the corporation to suit the fluid new world of global markets and mobile capital, where workers are kept constantly on their toes by the specter of downsizing and corporate flight.

The Faustian bargain looks pretty good, now that its terms have been rejected by management. No wonder social democrats find themselves pining for the Fordist moment, and urging policymakers to re-examine the Keynesian principles of mid-century consumer capitalism. This is a more humane and sensible approach than the nostrums peddled by Peters (or by the dour "deficit hawks" of the Concord Coalition).

The problem is that current economic debate remains stalled in the productivist framework that Taylor helped to establish, the framework that has imprisoned most public discourse for decades. The truth is, Taylorism lives! Despite all the chatter about "creativity" and "empowerment" in the workplace, labor discipline remains the bottom line—a discipline reinforced by the rampant job insecurity we can expect in the human capital markets of the twenty-first century. Politicians on both sides of the aisle blandly predict that future generations of workers can expect to "change careers" eight times. Anyone who expects to be taken seriously in policy debate must share the common, unexamined commitment to ceaseless economic growth and intensified productivity. No one wonders whose interests are served by this squirrel-cage model of existence, and whose interests are injured. Despite sentimental reverence for "the environment," rarely does anyone question the quantitative definition of abundance. Seldom does anyone have the effrontery to ask the question posed by James Duncan of the AFL in 1910, when he confronted Taylor's efficiency scheme: "For what? We repeat, for what?"

Kanigel reproduces Duncan's complaint, and many others. He grants their legitimacy, but he always hurries to reaffirm that without some version of Taylorism we would be forced to return to the dark and difficult days of the preindustrial past. This is a problematic claim, on his own evidence. For his book exposes many fundamental flaws in scientific management, beginning with the spuriousness of its claims to science—the arbitrariness behind its apparently authoritative numbers, the ease with which they could be turned to managerial ends. And as Taylor's numerous failures suggest, a proliferation of planning departments and a Byzantine complexity of paper flow may not promote efficiency even in the narrow sense.

Broader and more serious questions arise as well. Scientific management widened the gap between American ideals and American experience. Words like "democracy" and "freedom" became a cruel joke amid the Taylorized rhythms of the modern factory and, increasingly, the modern office. To Taylor, Kanigel writes, democracy "meant no one getting special breaks. It didn't mean argument, negotiation, debate, voting, or strikes." As for individual initiative, Taylor himself wrote that "our scheme does not ask for initiative in a man. We do not care for his initiative." So much for self-made manhood. In the twentieth century, official ideals increasingly ran aground on the everyday actuality of the workplace. No wonder so many ordinary people have grown impatient and dismissive of public

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authority. No wonder pundits are clucking about the decline of civility.

This may seem a heavy burden to lay on Taylor, but consider "the great mental revolution" that he hoped his system would ignite. Things did not turn out quite as he predicted—the lion of capital did not lie down with the lamb of labor—but a huge cultural transformation did occur. Scientific management quickly seeped under factory walls and spread to institutions beyond the industrial workplace, notably schools and government bureaucracies. "Education is a shaping process as much as the manufacture of steel rails," announced Franklin Bobbitt of the University of Chicago School of Education in 1913. "Within the past decade we have come to see that it is possible to set up definite standards for the various products." This insanity forecasts the mania for measurement that has enmeshed contemporary students, from kindergarten to college, in a self-contained maze of quantitative testing.

The impact of Taylorism on government is equally insidious. It has spawned innumerable schemes for "reinventing government," including those concocted most recently under the aegis of W. Edwards Deming's creed of "Total Quality Management." On the surface Deming seems everything Taylor was not—a prophet of spirituality in business, veritable Zen master of management. Yet (as Leon Wieseltier suggested in these pages four years ago) TQM preserves the essential features of the Taylor legacy: the totalizing tendencies of its fascination with system, the vacuity of its utopian claims, the survival of hierarchy behind a veil of democracy (though "workers are led, not driven"), the fraudulence of its claims to end conflict and replace competition with cooperation. Managerial thinkers remain enthralled by the dubious notion that government can be run like a business. TQM is merely another version of the soft-focus Taylorism that has been around for years at a wide variety of workplaces, spreading confusion and cynicism at every turn. And making management consulting a lucrative racket.

Kanigel's viral analogy is perfect. Taylorism did spread like a virus, adapting itself to various hosts. It was less a strict collection of doctrines than a style of thought: spouting pseudoscience, and severing mind from body, language from experience. Among its long-term consequences was the decline of local knowledge, the sort rooted in the customs, the traditions and the rule-of-thumb methods that Taylor and his devotees despised. With the rise of a denatured technical discourse as the basis for most authority in the culture, discussions of work and political economy generally focused on (allegedly) measurable data rather than the unquantifiable texture of daily life.

In our intellectual climate, one must be wary of such laments. The straw man of "nostalgia" is always at the ready. Indeed, only in a culture officially committed to "progress" could the accusation of "nostalgia" automatically discredit an argument. And contemporary management thinkers intone mantras of progress as fervently as Taylor and his minions did. While we await their latest formulation, then, we might remember the young Taylor, tossing on his bunk, prodded into wakefulness by the sharp sticks that he positioned for this purpose. And we might conclude that a world ruled by "scientific management," like the man who first imagined it, is crazy.

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Paris Blues

BY DAVID A. BELL

Realms of Memory: The Construction of the French Past, Volume I: Conflicts and Divisions

under the direction of Pierre Nora
edited and with a foreword by Lawrence D. Kritzman
translated by Arthur Goldhammer

(Columbia University Press, 651 pp., $37.50)

The original French edition of *Realms of Memory*, which appeared in three installments during the presidency of François Mitterrand, was the intellectual equivalent of the period's monumental public architecture. With 150 separate articles spread over seven volumes, totaling close to 6,000 pages, and weighing nearly twenty pounds, it was monumental in scale. Its prestigious list of contributors made it something of a monument to contemporary French historical studies. And its final installment, like I.M. Pei's pyramid, was something of a media sensation. *Les Lieux de mémoire*, or "the sites of memory," was the most prominent intellectual accomplishment of the Mitterrand years, and perhaps the most important one.

And yet this work has not yet received any attention in America since it began to appear. Why? Certainly not for any obvious lack of quality. Like many of Mitterrand's monuments, *Les Lieux de mémoire* had its share of embarrassments, but the essays selected for inclusion here (roughly one-third of the total) are the high-carat jewels of the project and some of the best France in historical writing produced in this century. And, far from losing anything in translation, some of the essays have gained considerably more lucidity than they have in the original French. (Arthur Goldhammer deserves a medal for putting into clear English the lucubrations of Marcel Gauchet, whose brilliance is matched by his opacity.)

Perhaps the lack of attention is owed to the project's somewhat insular goal: to explore France's memory of itself. Yet there was a time, not too long ago, when France gazed fixedly at its own navel, and the rest of the world gazed with it. Now this is clearly no longer the case. And this fact testifies to what is, in a way, *Realms of Memory*'s real subject: the decline of France.

Pierre Nora does not present the project in this way. His beautiful introductory essay, "Between Memory and History," addresses not only things French, but also the contemporary Western mania for commemoration of things past, in which every year brings more monuments and museums and well-celebrated anniversaries. (This year the Marshall Plan and Watergate, next year the Berlin airlift and the Edict of Nantes....) Nora interprets this mania as the by-product of a particular moment of historical transition. Modern

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societies, he argues, have lost the shared sense of tradition, the public memory that once bound past and present together through a living sinew of consciousness, so that centuries-old victories and defeats seemed as viscerally "real" as what had happened the previous day. Yet neither have modern societies developed a fully "historical" consciousness that treats all past events as wholly disconnected from the present. Their citizens still long, nostalgically, for the comfort that the older sort of memory provided, and attempt as best they can to recreate by investing specific sites (the *lieux* of the French title) with particular mnemonic significance. These sites of memory are not necessarily physical ones. They can be conceptual, even whimsically so. Along with the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, the Pantheon and other perforations of the Parisian skyline, Nora's original French sites of memory also included the colors of the French flag, the centenary of the French Revolution, the painter's landscape, the "genius of the French language" and even "visits to great writers."

The goal of *Realms of Memory* was not to consecrate these sites of memory by anointing them with its industrial-strength scholarship. If anything, Nora ostensibly aimed to subvert them, and the mania for commemoration in general, by exploring the fallible and capricious nature of collective memory itself. Nora advised his authors not simply to describe the sites, but to peel away the successive layers of meaning that had accumulated around them. Their task was to expose the supposedly unambiguous, eternal icons of Frenchness as the contested products of continuous cultural reinvention. The project's presiding deity was not a grand romantic apologist for things French like Jules Michelet, but rather the original master of "genealogy," Friedrich Nietzsche.

Consider Krzysztof Pomian's essay on France's ancestral peoples, the Gauls and the Franks, which leads off the first volume of the translation. Instead of simply summarizing the current state of historical knowledge, Pomian shows skillfully how such historical knowledge has twisted and changed over the centuries. Pomian is no relativist, denying all possibility of ascertaining historical truth. He writes with real respect for factual evidence, and for the methodological advances of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Yet his essay also reveals how, for generation after generation, the antiquity of the French nation served as a tablet into which historians chiseled the obsessions of their day.

Thus Royalist writers of the sixteenth century, desperate for French Catholics and Protestants to unite against the Hapsburgs and the Vatican, tended to depict Franks and Gauls as allies against a predatory Roman empire. Eighteenth-century aristocratic historians, by contrast, exalted the Franks—their own supposed forefathers—as proud warriors who had subdued brutish peasant Gauls and thereby won the right to dominate their commoner descendants for all eternity. Nineteenth-century bourgeois turned this story upside down, making the Gauls the ancestors of a heroic middle class that would eventually revolt against unjust noble (Frankish) privileges. Gallic antiquity remained political fodder as late as the 1940s, when Vichy propagandists argued that just as wise Gauls had once accepted the tutelage of the larger Roman empire, so France should integrate itself willingly into the new Nazi Europe. Only in the last two generations have the French started to view their origins with more ironic detachment. Thus the cartoonists Goscinny and Uderzomay could gleefully feed schoolbook pablum about "our ancestors the Gauls" into a blender of irony and absurdity until it yielded the late twentieth century's most familiar French (excuse me, Gaulish) figure, the comic-strip hero Astérix.

Gérard de Puymège provides another fine example of Nora's method, in an essay on that archetypical French figure Nicolas Chauvin, the eponymous father of chauvinism. Dictionaries have long identified Chauvin as a real-life character, a superpatriotic old soldier in Napoleon's Grand Army, seventeen times wounded, who returned home after Waterloo to live out his days peacefully on his family farm. In an inspired piece of detective work, however, Puymège discovered that Chauvin never existed outside vaudeville theater, where a character of the name flourished in the 1820s and 1830s. Originally a bawdy young soldier obsessed with making love more than war, the character only slowly evolved into the crotchety veteran of legend. (The truth about Chauvin's origin makes the term "male chauvinist pig" more appropriate than Germaine Greer could have guessed when she coined it in 1970.) Only in 1840, apparently, did a functionary of the Ministry of War concoct a spurious biography for "Nicolas Chauvin" to fool a gullible man of letters.

After establishing this etymology, Puymège takes a more serious tack, tracing the development of the mythical patriotic "farmer-soldier" that "Chauvin" embodied to caricatural excess, from its

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early nineteenth-century origins down to the present. In a nation in which the population remained heavily rural until the Second World War, it was this sort of quintessentially agricultural figure who most powerfully symbolized the French people as a whole; and as a result both Left and Right fought hard to appropriate him for their causes. (They also frequently paired him in their writings with an "inauthentically" French antihero: the Jewish cosmopolitan.) The farmer-soldier remained a familiar feature of French political culture until Vichy, which virtually deified him, and as a result the increasingly urban France of the postwar period repressed his memory along with Pétain's.

To the extent that Pierre Nora simply wishes to demonstrate the innovative critical method that Pomian, Puymège and the other contributors employ, the focus on France itself in *Realms of Memory* is almost incidental. True, the French have devoted more time and energy to fashioning themselves as a nation than most other peoples, and have a peculiarly intense consciousness of their own history. Nora has even argued that, in France, the "practical ideologues" of national consciousness have traditionally been historians (in Germany, by contrast, philosophers filled the role). It is this claim that allows him to raise what is essentially a work of historiography to the status of a new form of national history. (The key essays of *Les Lieux de mémoire* concerned individual historians and their works; Nora contributed not one but two on the emblematic Third Republic "educator of the nation," Ernest Lavisse.) Still, all nations have sites of memory, even if professional historians have not always contributed as much to their development. And so Nora's project has inspired imitations in Spain, the low countries and central Europe, with Italy, Germany and Israel possibly to follow. No one has yet proposed an American version, but the possible "sites" are endless, from Plymouth Rock to Ellis Island, the Alamo to Bunker Hill, Webster's *Dictionary* to Walt Disney.

Yet something else is going on in *Realms of Memory*, something less critical and more devotional—and more specifically French. It is not evident in all the chapters. But while the authors never acknowledge the fact, they clearly find some *lieux* more memorable than others. It is one thing to write about matters such as the Gauls, or the convent of Port-Royal (home of the Jansenist Catholic tradition and the subject of a fine essay by Catherine Maire) or even the court of Louis XIV (whose continued relevance to French politics is underlined by Jacques Revel). These *lieux* provoke few quarrels in France; few people have any personal stake in them. The same cannot be said, however, of the great institutions of French government and French culture: I refer to the *grandes écoles* (the elite centers of higher education), the Académie Française, the Louvre, the Republic itself.

These institutions shaped, rewarded and continue in one way or another to employ nearly all the contributors to *Realms of Memory*. Many of these men and women, it is worth noting, are not merely public intellectuals beyond the wildest dreams of Americans who aspire to this title; they could practically be called official intellectuals. Nora himself teaches at the elite graduate school founded by Fernand Braudel, edits *Le Débat*, France's leading political magazine, and is one of the powers-that-be at Gallimard, the country's leading publishing house—a concentration of cultural power unthinkable on this side of the Atlantic. His brother Simon Nora used to direct the all-powerful National School of Administration, which produces nearly all of France's political leaders, including the current president, prime minister and two-thirds of the Cabinet.

So it is perhaps not surprising that, when the essays in *Realms of Memory* touch on France's elite institutions, a striking change of tone takes place. Irony softens into elegy, and genealogy into genuflection. Marc Fumaroli's long essay on the Académie Française, which was established in the seventeenth century to honor France's greatest writers and police the French language, exemplifies this tendency. It is in many ways a fine piece of work. Fumaroli's prose is luscious, and his erudition is enormous. His intuitions are consistently remarkable. Yet he does not exactly write on this subject with critical detachment. Fumaroli loves the Académie Française (which has welcomed him into the ranks of its forty "immortals"). He sees it as the guarantor of a certain French idea of literature, in which fine writing not only has an explicitly public function, but actually furthers the cause of social unity.

The Académie, Fumaroli writes, has always included not only writers of poetry and fiction, but also critics, historians, statesmen, jurists, scientists. The very act of gathering them together as guardians of the language serves notice that the different realms that they represent must converse with each other, and not become bastions of narrow, specialized knowledge. By the same token, the Académie also helps to protect French literature itself from turning inwards, becoming "gnostic" and overspecialized and unintelligible to a broad public. Fumaroli goes so far as to suggest that by providing a central point of unity for French culture, the Académie preserves something of the unifying spirit of the French monarchy, which founded it. As for the many critics who have lambasted the Académie over the centuries for its stuffiness, its conservatism and its devotion to privilege, Fumaroli tends to dismiss them as narcissistic gripers unable to see over the walls of their own literary enclaves.

Fumaroli adores the institution, but he also mourns it. What role can it still play, he asks elegiacally, "in a world of specialists, where literature itself has become a specialty?" What future is there for the idea it embodies "in a world eroded by utilitarian language and a transnational subculture, in an age when every group, fleeing this gimcrack universality, is seeking a reality, perhaps wholly imaginary, in its own distinctive roots?" The idea of the place was a noble one, but the global age will not support such luxuries, and so a treasured part of the French soul is vanishing. Fumaroli's essay is, finally, as much a memorial as an analysis.

Nora himself shares Fumaroli's pessimism. The deep, molding influence that Fumaroli finds in the Académie Française, Nora generalizes to the French state as a whole. As he puts it, in an untranslated essay in the French edition: "Other countries may owe the sinews of their cohesion and the secret of their togetherness to economics, religion, language, social or ethnic community, or to culture itself. France has owed them to the voluntary and continuous action of the State." But how can the state continue to wield such (implicitly benevolent) influence in a world in which France has grown so weak, the pressures for European union so strong, American cultural influence so pervasive and the logic of global economic integration so implacable? The pathos of the situation for Nora is only magnified by his conception of historians such as himself as the midwives who helped the state give birth to the French nation. In an era when disillusioned and overworked history teachers in dilapidated lycées cannot hope to compete with rock music and the ubiquitous *télé*, this aspect of French nationhood, too, is passing away.

It is no surprise, then, that Nora also affects an elegiac tone in his own contributions. "Our consciousness," he writes in the first paragraph of the introduction, "is shaped by a sense that everything is over and done with, that some-

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thing long since begun is now complete." Sites of memory are "compounded of life and death, of the temporal and the eternal." He invokes "our inexpungable, intimate attachment to ... faded symbols of the past," and recalls "the mourning for lost love so well described by Proust: that moment when the obsessive grip of passion finally loosens." Proust, indeed, haunts much of *Realms of Memory*—how could he not haunt a French work on this of all subjects?—lending it an air of exquisite, muffled longing. Quite fittingly, one of the best essays in the entire work is Antoine Compagnon's incisive analysis of how Proust, the outcast, the Jew, the homosexual, was transmogrified over the course of this century into the very symbol of modern French literature.

This elegiac accent gives *Realms of Memory* a beauty that is rare among contemporary works of history. Yet it also somewhat undercuts the work's ostentatiously postmodern purpose. Postmodern critics aim to expose the essential and eternal as constructed and ephemeral, as Pomian does in the case of the Gauls. They strive to show the seams in every supposedly seamless narrative. For Nora, however, the French state and its cultural institutions, despite all the tumult of France's political history, despite all the shifts back and forth between monarchy, republic and empire, have an eternal, essential, unchanging quality, and are the heroes of the great epic of the nation. Nora has called France the "stato-centric" nation *par excellence*. This begs the question of whether the "state" of the middle ages, of the French Revolution, and the present day can really be lumped together. Haven't the French continuously reinvented the state, too, along with the other aspects of their society and their culture?

Where the state is concerned, this perspective turns *Realms of Memory*'s punch into more of a caress. It also leads the authors to underestimate elements of French nation-building that do not fit into their story. After the publication of the second installment of the work in 1986, the French historian Gérard Noiriel roundly chastized Nora for omitting almost all mention of immigration, when in fact France has rivaled the United States as an "immigrant nation" since the late nineteenth century. (Today nearly one French citizen out of four has at least one foreign-born grandparent.) But the Republic and its formidable pedagogical apparatus effectively repressed popular awareness of modern France's ethnic diversity, less for racist reasons than for the fear that an acknowledgment of diversity might damage a tenuous national unity predicated on a shared language and culture. And Nora never challenged this official version. Similarly, the American historian Steven Englund has shrewdly criticized Nora for his stato-centrism, and for identifying the modern, post-1789 state wholly with the Republic, disregarding the failed empires and monarchies that ruled France for well over half the nineteenth century. Rather astonishingly, for a work claiming to address the whole of French history, *Realms of Memory* contains few mentions of that vulgar but influential adventurer Bonaparte.

To his credit, Nora took some of these criticisms into account when preparing the third installment of *Les Lieux de mémoire*, which appeared in 1992. He even invited Noiriel to contribute an incisive essay called "Frenchmen and Foreigners." Still, the lapses of memory in *Realms of Memory* remain quite remarkable. The work still has little on Napoleon, and not much more on the far left-wing movements that have had considerable impact on French history. (Nora does contribute a characteristically sharp piece on "Gaullists and Communists.") A plethora of essays deal with the countryside, but except for the great monuments of central Paris, and a delightful contribution by Daniel Milo on street names, *Realms of Memory* has little to say about urban life. The mystique of the land, once symbolized by Puymège's farmer-soldiers, has clearly survived rural depopulation. Religious minorities get their due, with Pierre Birnbaum providing an illuminating look at French Jewish history, but, with the exception of Noiriel's essay, racial minorities barely appear. And one would

Fessing Up

I went to Chicago once, but I didn't inhale.
Once I was writing a song with a friend
in a dormitory, when a gardener walked up
to an open window and said, What you boys
need there is a minor chord. Of course
I breathed in Illinois, I watched my breath
materialize and disappear like little tempests
that consider themselves out of existence,
but I didn't really take it in. Sure
there was the man whose car stopped
in front of us on the snowy onramp.
A Schlitz can fell out the door, rolled half a foot
onto the highway, then breezed beneath his car.
"Poquita gas, poquita gasoline!" he pleaded,
banging on the frosted glass with a crumpled twenty.
How could I tell him I was from out of town,
that I have no sense of direction
and couldn't return to this exact spot
even if the survival of the species depended on it.
We didn't even share a language. Not really.
I only know enough Spanish to go to the bathroom.
My Greek is good enough to get me slapped.
In English, like you, I know too much.
When the gardener walked up to the window
his tanned skin broke into a smile
and he told us he wrote music.
Do you ever wonder how many others
like him are out there making music
that no one ever hears? I could go on like this
for days if friends weren't so kindly interrupting me
with letters and phone calls. Sometimes I walk
for miles to hear the Slavic woman play the accordion.
I stand beneath her open window where she practices
and swoon to myself. I wonder if she knows
how many of us come here each day by ourselves
just to listen?

Rick Hilles

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be hard-pressed to know from *Realms of Memory* (with the exception of a single, not-yet-translated essay on the Colonial Exhibition of 1931) that for most of the past five centuries France possessed an extensive overseas empire.

Most significantly, perhaps, the work bristles with essays on the many sorts of geographical divisions that the French have drawn on the map of their nation (Roger Chartier and Alain Corbin have exceptionally interesting things to say on the subject), but social divisions, and even the word "class," receive far less attention. The way Nora and his American co-editor Lawrence Kritzman have organized the essays in the abridged translation (following Nora's scheme for the third installment of the original) is particularly revealing on this score. They have titled the first English volume *Conflicts and Divisions* (the next two are called *Traditions* and *Symbols*), and it has three parts: "Political Divisions"; "Minority Religions"; and "Divisions of Time and Space." Has France never suffered from *social* conflicts and divisions? Do they not matter? Readers of Hugo and Zola would find this hard to imagine, as would any student of the French Revolution. One hardly needs to be a Marxist to consider the subject worthy of investigation.

But this is a work about memory, and the essence of memory is selectivity. We cannot possibly give equal weight in our recollections to every facet of our past experiences. We pick and choose, we select and reject. And, of course, we repress. Certain memories threaten our sense of who we are too deeply to be acknowledged openly. And what is true for individuals is also true in a certain sense for communities and even for nations. As Renan famously remarked, nations are defined as much by what they collectively forget as by what they collectively remember.

For modern France's Republican elite, which very much includes Nora and most of his colleagues in this enterprise, memories of social division and social conflict fall into this uncomfortable category. Since its first incarnation in 1792, the Republic has always promised unity and equality. Its most characteristic public institutions, the *grands écoles,* admit students regardless of social background, and to this day many of them, far from charging tuition, actually pay students a comfortable stipend. What could be more egalitarian and meritocratic? Not only social conflict itself but even the open discussion of social divisions call into question the reality of this egalitarianism, and in this way challenge the Republic's legitimacy. The same, incidentally, is true for ethnic division and the open discussion of ethnicity, in light of the painful Algerian conflict that helped destroy the Fourth Republic in 1958, the ongoing strife over immigration and the manifold problems of France's large Arab minority.

It would be foolish to reproach Nora and his authors too strongly for these silences, or to expect them to write in a spirit of ironic detachment. The very fact that they still feel such a strong sense of identity—as French, as Republicans, as educators—makes it impossible for them to do so. And the absences do not affect the superb quality of the individual essays, or the important contribution to historical science made by the work as a whole. Whatever its flaws, *Realms of Memory* is a magnificent achievement.

In the end, though, it is not only a work of history, it is also something of a historical document itself. It testifies to the present-day crisis in French national identity, brought on by France's geopolitical marginalization, the forces of cultural and economic globalization, the pressure for European union, immigration and all the other subjects that the French have wrung their hands over during the last decade, with little to show for it but an ineffectual law restricting the public use of English. In the world of Maastricht, McDonald's and Microsoft, the claims of the French Republic and its elite servants to represent—and to be able to reshape—the French nation ring increasingly hollow.

Nora and his authors perceive this change as something of a tragedy, and for them it certainly is one. Whether it is a tragedy for those outside the Parisian cultural Mandarinate is a different question. The thick arteries of contemporary French culture might well benefit from a dose of diversity and decentralization. Still, it is the authors' tragic vision that gives *Realms of Memory* its force, just as it is the separation that they feel from an earlier France that gives them such trenchant ideas about its history. The irony is that the same developments that allowed them to write such a powerful work will also ensure that the world gives it less consideration than it has given to many lesser pieces of Parisian wisdom in the past.

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The Politic Moralist

BY PETER BERKOWITZ

Hypocrisy and Integrity: Machiavelli, Rousseau, and the Ethics of Politics by Ruth W. Grant

(University of Chicago Press, 201 pp., $22.50)

It is fitting that President Clinton issued his recent call for a "national conversation" while he was on campus. It is unlikely that he keeps up with contemporary scholarship, but his call from the University of California at San Diego for a country-wide discussion of race uncannily echoed a theme that cuts across rival schools in the world of academic political theory. This theme is that conversation is the essence of politics.

The numerous scholars who have been composing variations on this theme have been more impressed by what sets their contributions apart from each other than by the common commitment that informs all their work. To an outsider, however, it must be amazing how much the professors, when talking about politics, talk about talk. Rawlsian liberalism places in the forefront of its reflections on politics the idea of public reason, the purpose of which is to set firm boundaries on, and establish formal criteria for, public discussion in a liberal democracy. Communitarian or civic republican critics respond that the idea of public reason is too restrictive: by bracketing questions about the good, by formally excluding substantive argument about first principles and ultimate convictions from political debate, Rawlsian liberalism creates a cramped public life that deprives citizens of the opportunity to achieve the liberty that comes from sharing in self-government. For sharing in self-government means deliberating with fellow citizens about the common good. Civic republican theorists aim to widen the conversation and place more fundamental issues on the agenda than is allowed by the idea of public reason. In the name of liberty

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and the public good, they want citizens to bring their most deeply held moral and religious beliefs to political discourse and make them the subject of public disputations.

Deliberative democrats, led by Jürgen Habermas abroad and by influential political and legal theorists at home, in effect seek to split the difference between Rawlsian liberals and their civic republican critics. Like Rawlsian liberals, deliberative democrats want to articulate procedural constraints that define the permissible forms of political argument and set limits on the substantive issues that may be appropriately discussed in the public sphere. And like civic republicans, they want an engaged political discourse in which citizens talk more to one another and participate with greater energy and effectiveness in the determination of the laws that govern their lives.

Meanwhile, despite their sometimes flamboyant repudiation of reason and extravagant calls for the radical remaking of social and political relations, postmodern political theorists agree with the shared goal of deliberative democrats and civic republicans. They, too, desire the invigoration and the expansion of democratic participation. Postmoderns "contest the boundaries" of the political, which much of the time does not mean a widening but a refocusing of the public agenda, and in practice does not involve an enlargement of the established terms of debate so much as a demand for debate on their own terms.

In fact, most postmoderns are not at all eager to put all questions up for discussion—questions, say, about the disadvantages of democracy, or the reasonableness of the repudiation of reason, or the goodness of postmodernism itself. And in this discrepancy between their bold rhetoric and their timid agenda, they are not alone among the proponents of the politics of conversation. Deliberative democrats have devised complicated rules and procedures for keeping the *demos* in line and on point, while civic republicans display little enthusiasm for engaging seriously the full range of moral and religious convictions already present in the public realm. Indeed, with all the hand-wringing about the current state of our national conversation, and with so many of the professors pointing their fingers at liberal principles, it is easy to lose sight of the fact that the enlarged and enhanced conversation that liberalism's critics envisage is one which always presupposes, and usually seeks to expand, liberalism's core principles of liberty and equality.

So there is a consensus in America that conversation, properly conceived, is a cure for much that ails our public life. It is not often remarked, however, that this cure, like any other, may have unpleasant side effects or substantial costs. For a start, making talk the essence of politics can be highly destabilizing: you may well come to despise what others have to say, and they may grow disgusted or infuriated when they listen to what you have been thinking. Candor often makes life harder and uglier, not easier and lovelier. And who really benefits from the politics of conversation? The conversants, obviously. The well-educated, the plugged-in and the velvet-tongued have a considerable edge in the burnishing of reputation and the acquisition of power when conversation is made the mark of civic involvement.

Indeed, aren't intellectuals who commend a politics of conversation—as opposed, say, to a politics based on self-interest rightly understood or grounded in generosity, loyalty, self-sacrifice and courage—a bit like the wealthy who defend the property qualification? Don't such intellectuals, like oligarchs of all ages, place themselves in the compromised position of advocating a general principle that directly advances their own class interest? And isn't there a sunny and ironic Enlightenment optimism that lies behind the various criticisms of liberalism in the name of conversation, a common faith that in an engaged and garrulous political discourse, by contesting the boundaries, by problematizing principles and practices, the truth will out? Or is it rather, as the elegant arguments in Thomas Nagel's important new book, *The Last Word*, might suggest, that the proponents of the politics of conversation have, in tacit and sometimes open conformity to the irrationalism and the anti-foundationalism of the age, given up on truth, and reduced reason to nothing more than the consensus of the community?

Yet the strangest difficulty with the scholarly defense of discourse as our defining political action is not that it takes conversation too seriously, but that it does not take conversation seriously enough. For conversation, an egalitarian activity open to all, and one of life's delights, is an elusive art. Mastering the art of conversation requires a rare combination of gifts: a discerning eye, an alert ear, a generous heart, a disciplined mind, a respect for the weakness of words, an attentiveness to silence's subtle textures. In the best of circum-

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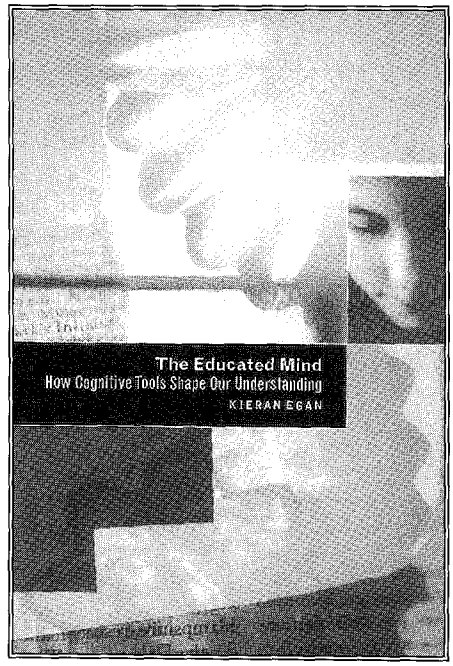

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stances, when friends meet face to face, conversation provides not only a respite from the idle chatter that gets one through the day, but also an opportunity to share memories, form dreams, explore old ways and set out on new paths. In ordinary circumstances, distance and distraction and distrust intrude. And yet every conversation somehow contains the promise of a meeting of hearts and minds, of a self-perfecting world of patience and respect. So conversation is a token of the troubled coexistence in our world of the real and the ideal, an everyday act that holds out the prospect of a mutual trust that transcends words, but more often reminds us rudely of the barriers between us.

Conversation, at least for the conversant, is also a fertile breeding ground for hypocrisy, since it is easier to falsely profess conviction and devotion than it is to falsely exhibit them in deeds. At the same time, perhaps because they are more adept at getting away with pretense and playacting in conversation, those who make a profession out of professing their devotion to conversation sometimes seem particularly touchy when it comes to confronting the haven to hypocrisy that conversation provides. In truth, conversation both harbors and hates hypocrisy. And in this paradox, it turns out, conversation has something in common with liberal democracy.

More than a decade ago, in *Ordinary Vices*, the book in which her unforgettable voice can be heard most distinctly, Judith Shklar identified the sources in liberal democracy that promote hypocrisy while making citizens hypersensitive to its practice: "The paradox of liberal democracy is that it encourages hypocrisy because the politics of persuasion require, as any reader of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* knows, a certain amount of dissimulation on the part of all speakers. On the other hand, the structure of open political competition exaggerates the importance and the prevalence of hypocrisy because it is the vice of which all parties can and do accuse each other." Still, as Shklar knew when she wrote those lines, readers of Aristotle's *Rhetoric* were scarce. And they are growing scarcer every day, so it is all the more necessary to stress that inasmuch as it takes the liberal democratic emphasis on open persuasion in the public sphere and makes it a consuming concern, the politics of conversation does not escape what Shklar calls the paradox of liberal democracy.

In these circumstances, Ruth W. Grant's careful study of the problem of hypocrisy in politics provides a great refreshment. Grant defines a hypocrite as "a person who pretends to be morally better than he is for the sake of some advantage to himself." And she takes as her point of departure the failure by contemporary liberals in the academy to take hypocrisy in politics seriously. She traces this failure to the liberal aspiration to make politics an honest affair by subjecting it to the demands of reason. Of course, Grant is not opposed to honesty and rationality. Indeed, she argues that demanding too much rationality in politics is unreasonable and generates pressures that promote not only dishonesty but also self-deception.

With liberalism's best interests at heart, Grant seeks to make available a better understanding of the limits of reason in politics. Like Shklar, she turns for insight to the history of political philosophy and literature; but in contrast to Shklar, who characterized her own approach as a "ramble through a moral minefield," Grant sets out to construct a sustained theoretical argument. She begins with a reconsideration of Machiavelli's case for the necessity of hypocrisy in politics and then, at the heart of her study, develops an intriguing account, based on an eclectic rereading of a wide range of Rousseau's writings, of a standard of human excellence to which she gives the name "integrity."

There is a powerful logic to Grant's coupling of Machiavelli and Rousseau. It would have been sufficient justification that Machiavelli and Rousseau represent formidable spokesmen for alternative points of view. But Grant goes beyond this. She argues that their opposing judgments about the ethics of politics are rooted in a fundamental agreement that ineliminable pressures toward hypocrisy are generated by the structure of politics and by the nature of human passion.

Machiavelli did not trouble to conceal his opinion that manipulation and deception were essential to politics. Grant focuses attention on his famous teaching in Chapter 15 of *The Prince* that success in politics requires learning "to be able not to be good, and to use this and not use it according to necessity." Unencumbered by the compulsion to condemn or offer apologies for Machiavelli's breathtaking repudiation of conventional morality, Grant instead seeks to understand it.

As many have remarked, Machiavelli's claim that rulers must free themselves from the authority of virtue so that they can feign it effectively presupposes a far-reaching criticism of virtue's authority. What Grant effectively stresses, however, is that Machiavelli's conclusion that feigning virtue is a virtue also derives from his understanding of the in-between character of political relationships. Real friends enjoy the luxury of relying on trust. Real enemies unabashedly resort to force. Between the extremes lies politics. Political relationships, unlike true friendships or true enmities, require hypocrisy, because they are relationships of dependence among people with conflicting interests. In politics, you need to cooperate with people who must remain your competitors. The goods which people seek in political life cannot be achieved alone, yet many of them—wealth, reputation and power, but especially reputation or honor—seem to be diminished when shared. So in politics you must always to some extent conceal your true motives in order to sustain the cooperation that gets you what is wanted, which usually includes what your associates wanted, and then some.

Ultimately, the impossibility of a pure and honest politics purged of all hypocrisy stems, in Machiavelli's view, from the nature of human passion. So, far from linking the need for hypocrisy to doubt or despair about the limits of human knowledge, Machiavelli presents his brief on behalf of hypocrisy as rooted in a claim to have acquired knowledge of the unvarnished truth about the springs of human conduct. From loyalty and pride, to vanity, ambition, and lust, human beings are moved by a range of stubborn and strong passions that are often impervious to reason, frequently experienced as non-negotiable, and regularly in conflict with the desires and the interests of others. Politics has no choice but to accommodate these strong passions; and, owing to their stubborn resistance to the counsels of reason, it is reasonable for rulers (and perhaps mere officials) to have recourse to manipulation and deception.

Not everyone agrees, of course. And among those who do believe that manipulation and deception are constitutive features of political life, not all share Machiavelli's delight in thinking through the mixture of force and fraud that brings about political success.

There is, for example, Rousseau. He has given many of his readers the impression that, in his view, if manipulation and deception must be part of a practice, then the practice, not excluding politics and love, must be abandoned. This Rousseau is a philosopher of the extremes whose thinking lends support to both the revolutionary fanaticism that

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seeks to remake political life from the ground up and the antipolitical romanticism that demands withdrawal from the corrupting influence of human association. This Rousseau equates the good with human wholeness, and understands by wholeness a purity of soul that prohibits concessions to the so-called ways of the world.

Grant acknowledges that there is considerable evidence in his writings for this familiar Rousseau, but she argues forcefully that there is an important strain in his thought that advances an alternative and more attractive understanding of wholeness. This strain suggests that compromise, manipulation and deception are not only on occasion compatible with human wholeness, but often required by it. And here Grant draws an important distinction. Integrity, the form of human wholeness championed by the less familiar Rousseau that Grant brings to light, is not compatible with hypocrisy. Whereas the hypocrite deceives others and in some cases himself for the sake of private advantage, Rousseau's man of integrity never deceives himself, and only deceives others for the sake of justice.

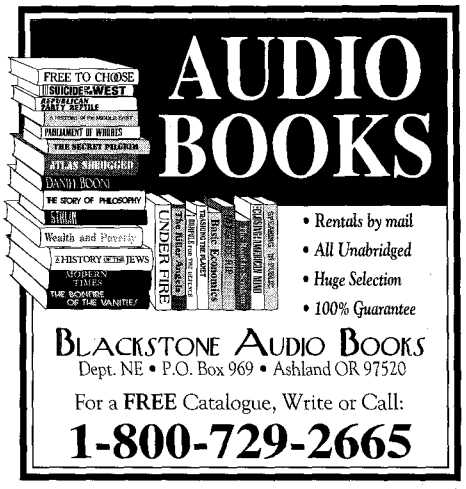
To clarify Rousseau's assessment of hypocrisy, Grant compares it with that of Molière, whom, Rousseau declares in his *Letter to M. D'Alembert on the Theatre*, he regarded as "the most perfect comic author whose works are known to us." Molière had provided a devastating image of the religious hypocrite in *Tartuffe*, and in Alceste, the besotted lover of *The Misanthrope*, he ridiculed the hypocrisy of the self-righteous critic who looks for hypocrisy everywhere and finds hypocrisy wherever he looks. Similarly, in his writings on politics and love, Rousseau eloquently vivisected the foolish lies and the cruel deceptions routinely practiced by civilized men and women. But, as Grant makes explicit, Molière and Rousseau criticized hypocrisy in the light of contrasting ideals. Molière's politic moderate sees through appearances, has a refined appreciation of the messy complexity of human affairs, is a voice for common sense and compromise and decency, and, keenly aware of the costs of the singleminded quest for justice, is prepared to tolerate calmly a generous portion of vice. Rousseau's uncompromising moralist also sees through appearance, but he is scornful of half-measures, sees complacency in compromise and decadence in mere decency, speaks the truth however distasteful to himself or offensive to others, and demands justice from political life without calculation or qualification.

Grant finds integrity in both the principled moderate and the true moralist; but she seems to be of two minds on the question of how to judge between them. She asserts that these competing ideals "are true alternative possibilities; there is neither a synthesis of them nor a mean between them that can provide the definitive answer to the question of what our stance ought to be toward principled political action." But she also proceeds to re-evaluate her own characterization of Rousseau's ideal, so much so that she offers in her final statement of Rousseau's political ethics what looks very much like a synthesis of, or a mean between, Molière's politic moderate and the familiar Rousseau's impolitic moralist.

To introduce a term that Grant does not employ, but which I believe is fair to her argument, integrity achieves its highest expression, for Rousseau, in the "politic moralist." The politic moralist strikes compromises, manipulates his fellows citizens and may even tell lies, but only when necessary to advance the cause of justice. He is uncompromising in the sense that he demands the maximum in justice from every act and situation. But he is politic in that he recognizes that what is the maximum for this act or that situation cannot be specified in advance and may be less than what more propitious circumstances would permit. The politic moralist bends only to necessity and never to self-interest, passion or prejudice.

Grant marshals a strong case on behalf of this less familiar Rousseau. In *The Government of Poland*, Rousseau does not recommend the immediate abolition of Polish serfdom, as might seem to be necessitated by the egalitarian principles of *The Social Contract*, but rather counsels reforms that would put serfdom, to borrow a phrase from Lincoln, on a course of ultimate extinction. In *The Social Contract*, Rousseau insists, in defiance of the democratic dimensions of his political theory, on the need for a Legislator who can secure consent to just laws by deceiving the people into believing that the laws are divine in origin. And Emile's tutor carefully contrives matters so that Sophie and Emile believe their happy marriage is a result of a chance meeting and their having freely chosen one another. Compromise, manipulation and deceit, judiciously employed, may not only be beneficial, they may also be obligatory on the part of the man of integrity when their use can cause others to be freer and less dependent than they would otherwise have been. For Rousseau, then, integrity has a certain substance, which consists in part in the love of truth and the knowledge of justice, or what is good for the human soul.

The crucial distinction between hypocrisy and beneficial manipulation, this distinction that Grant recovers from Rousseau's thought, seems to be grounded, as students of Plato's *Republic* will recognize, in the idea that justice involves giving each what is due him.



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The ancient realists were Epicureans, and they were regarded as dangerous to civilization by Roman leaders, who favored the idealistic philosophies of Platonism, Aristotelianism, and Stoicism. Epicureans denied Providence, viewed man as an evolved animal, saw virtues and laws as manmade, avoided involvement with government, spurned communism, and welcomed women and slaves as fellows. Jews abhorred Epicureans. Nevertheless, evidence exists that Jesus based his teaching on Epicureanism, only changing its theory of how immortal gods are made into a theory of how immortal human beings are made. This evidence is in the recently discovered *Gospel of Thomas*, a collection of 113 sayings of Jesus which radically differ from the Bible's. They are demonstrably notes taken while Jesus taught, for they match chronologically the vestiges of history that underly the Markan myth. They reveal the historical Jesus and his recurring use of Epicurean tenets.

You Will Not Taste Death
JESUS AND EPICUREANISM
by Jack Hannah, 321pp.pbk. $12 postpaid. Frank Publishing, 1816 Springmill Road, Mansfield, OH 44903-8907

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This principle underlies Socrates's appeal, in the process of constructing a just city, to a lie: "one of those lies that come into being in case of need ... some one noble lie to persuade, in the best case, even the rulers, but if not them, the rest of the city." It also informs the distinction between Socratic irony, which is dissimulation that is intended for the benefit of the interlocutor, and sophistry, which is persuasive speech intended for the speaker's own benefit. These surprising connections, which Grant's argument suggests but does not pursue, make it worth asking whether or to what extent Rousseau's idea of beneficial manipulation, and the knowledge of the good life for a human being that it presupposes, are bound up with a Platonic understanding of the nature of the soul.

But Grant's main concern is not with first principles. Nor is it with practical applications. Her primary goal is to invigorate contemporary liberal thought by introducing into its domain questions about the ethics of politics from which it has tended to avert its eyes. And contemporary liberalism stands to reap considerable benefit from Grant's calm and collected arguments about the limits of reason in public life. Still, it must be said that in the process of coming to its aid, Grant does liberalism a certain disservice. For the liberal tradition is not quite so bereft of appreciation for the power of passion or the necessity of beneficial manipulation as Grant sometimes implies (as when she occasionally fails to distinguish between a form of liberalism, "Lockean liberalism" or "procedural liberalism" or "interest-based liberalism," and the liberal tradition as a whole).

In passing, Grant herself points out that Locke, in *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, elaborated an education for liberty that sought to restrain dangerous passions by teaching children to tolerate a certain amount of injustice. Rather than base education on what he referred to as "the true principle and measure of virtue" Locke favored a less exalted but more reliable method, that children be "directed toward justice by being taught to esteem or become dependent upon the good opinion of others." Examples from within the liberal tradition of the awareness of the need in political life to settle for less than the rational best can easily be multiplied. Although Kant, in the *Metaphysics of Morals*, disparaged the "virtues of social intercourse" as "giv[ing] a beautiful illusion resembling virtue," he immediately added that "affability, sociability, courage, hospitality, and gentleness (in disagreeing without quarreling) are, indeed, only tokens, yet they promote the feeling for virtue itself by a striving to bring this illusion as near as possible to the truth." In *Considerations on Representative Government*, Mill favored publicity in the ballot not because he believed that such a measure would require citizens to vote on the basis of a reasoned consideration of the public good, but on the less ambitious but more manipulative ground that the need to justify one's vote to one's fellow citizen might push citizens in the right direction by forcing them to come up with a public-spirited rationalization of a self-interested act. And even Rawls's idea of public reason can be seen as a rational concession to ineradicable elements of irrationality of political life.

All these examples, it bears emphasizing, come from that precinct of the liberal tradition least adept at dealing with the passionate and nonrational side of politics. The examples of Hume, Montesquieu, Madison and Tocqueville show still more clearly that liberals can enlist the vigorous study of the non-procedural aspects of politics—political institutions, associational life, virtue, even religion—in the service of the defense of the liberty of the moderns. If all these thinkers were heroes of reason, it was not least because they were not afraid to train their gaze upon the forces of unreason.

So Grant goes too far in asserting that the tension between hypocrisy and integrity in politics cannot be understood from within the tradition of liberal political thought itself. It would be more accurate to say (and more in keeping with the spirit of her book) that liberals, however much they may have neglected or offered superficial thoughts on hypocrisy and integrity, can still find within their tradition the conceptual resources and the theoretical flexibility to remain true to their premise, the natural freedom and equality of all, while incorporating lessons about the passions and the ethics of politics that come from beyond the customary boundaries of their thought. No doubt some hopes will have to be modified and some policies will need to be adjusted. The larger point is that one does not have to believe that hypocrisy can be purged from politics, or that integrity precludes manipulation to defend liberal democracy and its fundamental premise. Indeed, Grant succeeds admirably in showing that for the sake of liberal democracy, and to meet the demands of moral and intellectual integrity, it is best that such pious hopes not be indulged.

Integrity means that the exhortation to see people and politics as they are need not be an invitation to lose sight of what they ought to be. To be sure, it is no small achievement to keep your feet firmly on the ground without taking your eyes off the heights. Such harmony of head and heart is too seldom contemplated and still more seldom seen. It presupposes a distinction between a pragmatic accommodation in the service of principle and an accommodation of principle to pleasure and profit. It depends on accustoming one's eyes to the shifting shadows and hazy lights of politics, where circumstances are ambiguous, motives are mixed, consequences are unclear, and decisions of grave consequence must be taken. It requires seasoned and refined judgment to determine when to endure hypocrisy and when to crush it, when to withhold the truth for a greater good and when to proclaim what is right and let the chips fall where they may. It requires the exercise of self-restraint in the face of the nasty necessities of politics, and bold action in response to life's avoidable injustices. It demands unceasing vigilance against the temptation to confuse the ineradicable imperfections of human existence with the absolutely unacceptable evils.

The challenge, practically and philosophically, is to give hypocrisy its due without giving it one bit more. This is an enduring challenge, because hypocrisy is a perennial human possibility. Each age produces its characteristic forms. Every way of life features its ideal types. Liberal democracy in America is no different. It has given rise, for example, to the lectern liberal. He publicly preaches respect for the rule of law while behind the scenes he pursues personal advantage through the manipulation of the procedures that have been entrusted to his care. And there is the despotic democrat. She is all for empowering the people so long as she marches at the head of the movement and is generously rewarded for her public-spirited labors. But these and other familiar figures no more discredit liberal democracy than Tartuffe's calculated treachery discredited religion or Alceste's contempt for human weakness discredited the appeal to principle in personal conduct. No ideal is so lofty that it cannot be perverted. But do not misunderstand. Such harsh facts do not mean that integrity is impossible. They mean that integrity is indispensable.

PETER BERKOWITZ teaches government at Harvard. He is the author of *Nietzsche: The Ethics of an Immoralist* (Harvard University Press).

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CORRESPONDENCE *continued from page 5*

expanded west to the Oder-Neisse Line and acquire German cities such as Breslau and Konigsberg. Further, Poland was allowed to "ethnically cleanse" its new territory; 10 million Germans were expelled to West Germany. These arrangements were solidified by treaty between Poland and East Germany.

Although the German Federal Republic has abandoned all territorial claims, there is good reason for Poland to be concerned and to clamor for inclusion in the NATO military alliance. However, it should be possible to reassure Poland and guarantee her borders less expensively than what the NATO expansion will cost the American taxpayers.

KURT G. STRAUSS
Tucson, Arizona

The killing fields

To the editors:

The mind reels at the character of justice that Pol Pot's inhumanity demands ("Overdue Process," July 14 & 21). But your Cambodian hall of villains is incomplete. You chastise China for its interference in the internal affairs of Cambodia but have apparently forgotten that Cambodia's neutrality was first compromised by the North Vietnamese and the "sanctuaries" they established along the southern reaches of the Ho Chi Minh Trail. And you are altogether too modest about America's own contribution to the creation of the killing fields.

Between 1969, when Richard Nixon first ordered the secret bombing of the Vietnamese bases in Cambodia, and 1973, when the U.S. Congress finally halted it, more than a half-million tons of bombs were dropped on the country. The mounting toll of civilian deaths, the CIA-backed overthrow of Prince Sihanouk by Lon Nol in 1970 and the U.S. invasion just weeks later all served to antagonize Cambodian society, making the ranks of the Khmer Rouge swell from an estimated 2,500 in 1969 to an army of 50,000 just three years later—the army which Pol Pot would unleash on its own country.

Your vision of justice might have been achieved at the end of the '70s after Vietnam's invasion of Cambodia ended the slaughter and crushed the Khmer Rouge; unfortunately, our vengeful Vietnamese policy and desire to court Beijing actually allowed the communists to regroup and eventually assert power again. The scenario of Pol Pot on trial is not without merit; let's just hope the court doesn't go searching for accessories.

DAVID SEPPA
Denver, Colorado

TRB *continued from page 6*

that his signing of a law that liberals regarded as a betrayal of liberalism was a reason that liberals should vote to reelect him. Let Clinton fix Clinton.

Well, he did. In the recent budget deal between the White House and Congress, the president accomplished the restoration of SSI benefits to all immigrants who were legal before August 22, 1996, the date of the welfare bill. That restored benefits to half a million deserving people. This and other measures, including funding to provide work for unemployed Food Stamp recipients, that were negotiated into the budget agreement have, in Zedlewski's words, "gone a large way towards fixing the problem." Zedlewski says she cannot say precisely how much she would now cut her estimate of the number of people pushed into poverty by the welfare law, but she notes that fully half of the Urban Institute's previous estimate of 2.6 million came from projections of those who would be hurt by the denial of Supplemental Social Security payments and Food Stamps.

So Clinton has done what he has said he would do. He is the president who will have ended welfare as we know it. If this holds, Clinton will deserve credit for a great historic and moral achievement.

If this holds. In Clintonism, there are no last acts. In May, the White House issued a long-awaited Labor Department ruling on whether welfare recipients placed in work programs under the terms of the welfare reform law and state laws were covered by federal and state minimum wage laws and other labor laws and regulations. Yes, they were covered, said the ruling, to the tune of twenty-five separate statutes. The GOP authors of the welfare law, and Republican and Democratic governors, said that the ruling would make it impossibly expensive for states to continue the work programs that are critical to a continued decline in the welfare rolls.

Congressional Republicans proposed language in the budget reconciliation bill to overrule the Labor Department rulings. But the White House wouldn't budge, except on the one, minor, issue of whether welfare recipients on work programs should be eligible for the earned income tax credit. The president threatened to veto the budget bill unless the offending language was removed. As it stands, the ruling that sharply curtails the ability of the states to enact effective welfare-to-work programs remains in force. Without serious workfare programs, the good news will level off, and then turn bad when the economy softens. If Clinton does not wish to be undone, he must once again undo.

MICHAEL KELLY

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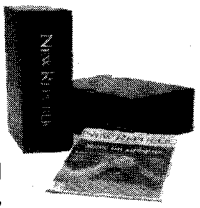

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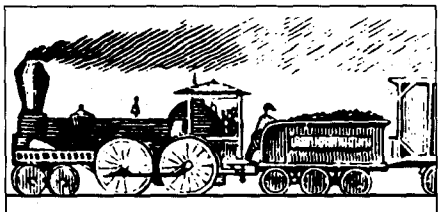

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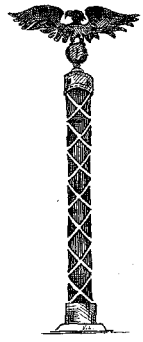
WASHINGTON DIARIST

The old country

THE WORD ON CONGO'S NEW President Laurent Kabila is that he's lousy. He's banned opposition political parties, he won't hold early elections, he won't take responsibility for his army's massacre of Hutu refugees. But my family has its own, more specific, gripe: he isn't doing anything to spur the Congolese handbag market. That particularly upsets my great-uncle Marc, who has been marooned in Cape Town since 1991, when ex-dictator Mobutu Sese Seko's soldiers looted the leather handbag factory he owns in Lubumbashi, the sweltering hub of southeastern Congo. Lubumbashi is peaceful now, and Marc thinks he has the capital to rebuild the factory. He has the labor, too, since most of his seventy former employees haven't found new jobs. But the Congolese economy is deeply depressed, and there's no point in producing handbags if no one can afford them. So, while the International Monetary Fund advises Kabila to pursue a policy of fiscal austerity, my great-uncle Marc would prefer stimulus. Otherwise, he may find himself next year surrounded by Cape Town's other Jewish émigrés from the Congo, sitting in seventy-five degree weather, complaining about the cold.

IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO overstate the importance to Congolese affairs of "the Jewish question." After all, the World Jewish Congress estimates there are only 320 Jews in the whole country. And when I asked my grandmother how many still live in Lubumbashi, she answered, "seven, counting your cousin Vico." But I've always been fascinated by my family's "Congolese question." One reason is that, like so many other Jewish families, ours is being Americanized. My four grandparents lived in Lithuania, Byelorussia, Ireland, France, Egypt, South Africa and the Belgian Congo. But their descendants, my cousins, are becoming inexorably American. One after another they drift: from Port Elizabeth to Baltimore, from Durban to South Carolina, from Johannesburg to upstate New York. And even the holdouts aren't immune—Jewish America is coming to them. Lubumbashi's old Sephardic rabbi is retired, and today the only working rabbi in the Congo is a Lubavitcher, an emissary from Crown Heights' foreign service program. In South Africa, the story's much the same. A community descended mostly from anti-Hasidic Lithuanians is increasingly led by American Lubavitchers. The Lubavitchers' national credo—aggressive, entrepreneurial, loud—is unprecedented in a community used to importing staid, non-Hasidic rabbis from Britain. The new missionaries to marginal Jewish communities around the world don't only bring hard-core Judaism, they bring American Judaism.

SO ONE OF THE THINGS THAT INtrigues me about my family's time in the Congo is how oblivious my relatives were to things that American Jews often assume to be universally Jewish, and indeed, that they are *making* universally Jewish: in particular, the cultural heritage of Eastern Europe. When my grandmother left Lubumbashi (then Elizabethville) in the late 1940s for a vacation in Cape Town, and there got engaged to my grandfather, a problem arose between the two communities. The Cape Town rabbi, encountering my fair-haired, Ladino-, French-, Greek-, Arabic- and Swahili-speaking grandmother, insisted she show him some evidence that she was really Jewish. The sephardim in Lubumbashi were similarly suspicious, and demanded proof of the groom's ethnic credentials. "They say they come from Eastern Europe," my grandmother told her parents—to which one relative reportedly cried out: "Oh, come on, who's ever heard of a Jew from Eastern Europe?"



BUT, TO ME, OUR FAMILY'S TIME IN the Congo evokes not only a lost era in Jewish history, but a lost era in African history. Early in this century, my great-grandparents left the Mediterranean island of Rhodes, where their families had lived for centuries. They went to Alexandria, where my grandmother was born, but left after the depression turned the economy sour. The Belgian Congo, by contrast, was prosperous. My great-grandparents rode Central Africa's diamond and copper boom straight into the upper middle class. The Congo represented the future, a place of unlimited abundance.

AND IT WASN'T JUST A RICHER place for Jews; it was a freer, safer place, less infected by the old hatreds. The "evacuation from a bloodbath" story has become mandatory for any Western correspondent in contemporary Africa. Indeed, it often seems the American military's sole role on that continent is to fish out hapless foreign nationals who find themselves caught in an imploding African state. But once upon a time the evacuation story was reversed. In 1944, the thriving Jewish community of the Congo received word that the 1,700 Jews remaining in Rhodes had been deported by the Germans. Only 150 survived Auschwitz, and, in 1945, word filtered down to Central Africa that a dozen or so orphaned boys and girls, the children of their relatives, were sitting in displaced persons camps in Europe. The Jews of Elizabethville brought the children from savage Europe to Africa, where they would be safe.

OF COURSE, THIS IS ALL OLD NEWS now. The Congo has spent the last thirty years cementing its international position as a place people flee *from*. Lubumbashi's majestic synagogue, which housed as many as 1,000 worshipers on a 1950s *kol nidre*, is locked. Pieces of white marble from the Jewish cemetery have been carted off to make chess sets. As the years pass, it seems harder to believe that there ever were Jews in Lubumbashi at all. Even the Jewish community that many Congolese emigrated to—in South Africa—may itself be slipping into history, as its Jews flee rising crime for safe havens like Houston and Santa Monica.

SO, IN A WAY, THE JEWISH COMMUnity of the Congo will have died twice. But it may have heirs, and not all in the United States. Living next to the Jews in Lubumbashi was another immigrant group, the Luba, a tribe from neighboring Kasai province. Quick to embrace the wage economy, the Lubas began to dominate the managerial posts available to Africans in Lubumbashi's mining industry, and they started opening businesses of their own. And the Belgians began calling them—and they began calling themselves—"the Jews of Congo." And then, in the early 1990s, faced with a challenge from Luba politician Etienne Tshisekedi, Mobutu incited the resentful people native to Lubumbashi to ethnically cleanse the Luba. The state-sponsored violence that wrecked my great-uncle Marc's factory, and effectively ended Lubumbashi's Jewish community, was visited even more brutally on the Luba, 100,000 of whom were forced to flee the region. But now there is a new government, and, while the Jews of Congo have not returned, "the Jews of Congo" have. And the Lubas' return, much more than Laurent Kabila's takeover, says something hopeful about Congo's future. Perhaps it is they who will make Lubumbashi safe, once again, for the production of leather handbags.

PETER BEINART

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Theodore Waitt

Gateway 2000, North Sioux City, SD. 34. Married, 4 children.

Talked out of joining family cattle business. By father. Left college senior year to start computer mail order business in farmhouse. With $10,000 start-up loan secured by grandmother's CD.

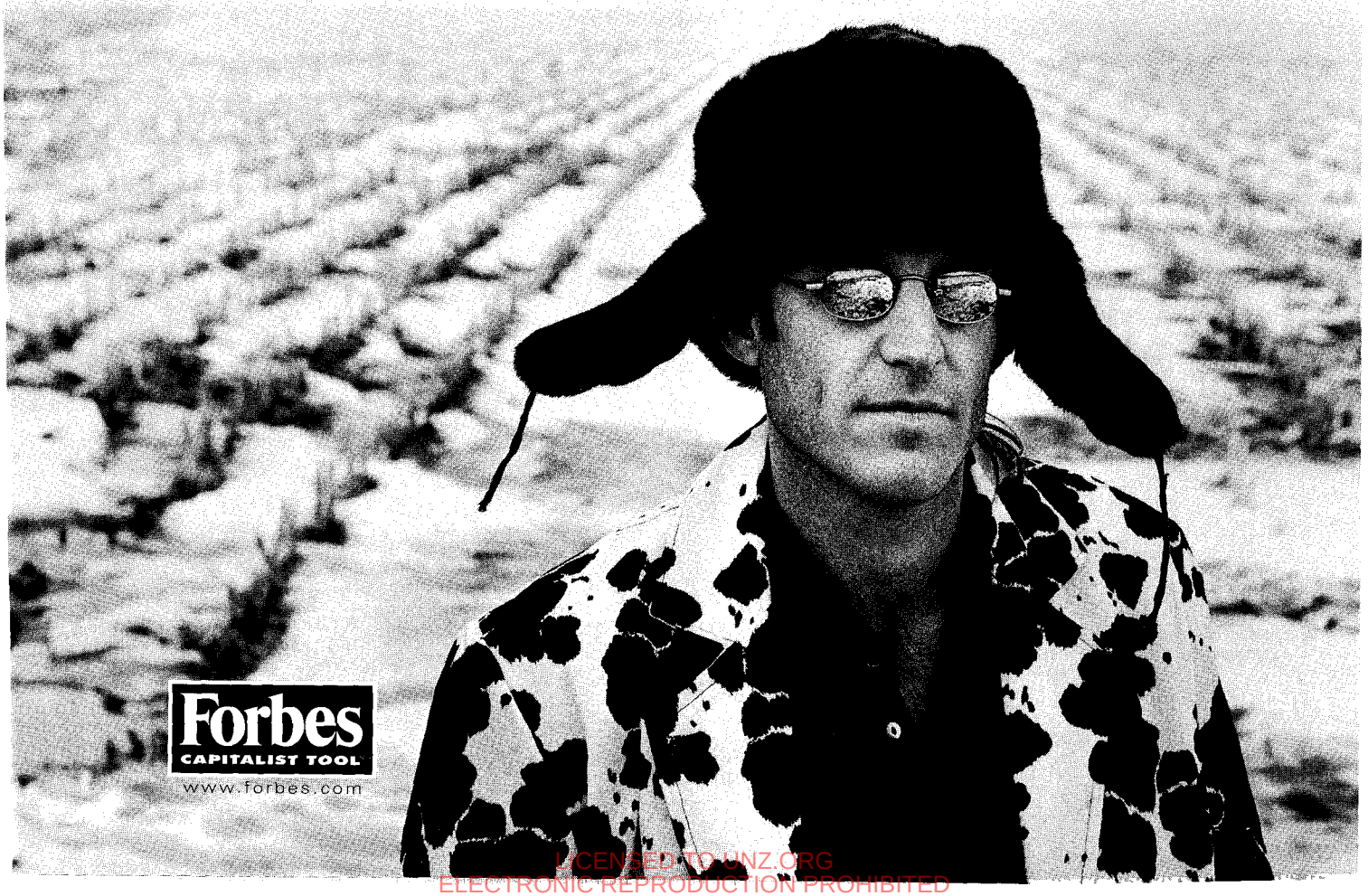
"Everybody was heading to Silicon Valley. So I picked a cornfield."

Cofounded Gateway 2000 with partner, Mike Hammond. 1985. Direct-market PC seller and manufacturer based in South Dakota. First year revenues $100,000. Explosive growth due to low costs, fast service. Expanded overseas, 1993. Marketing coup: chose Holstein as company mascot.

"It was either the family cow or the family dog. 'Bunky' lost."

1996 revenues: $5 billion.

Started reading Forbes as a student at the University of Iowa in 1984.



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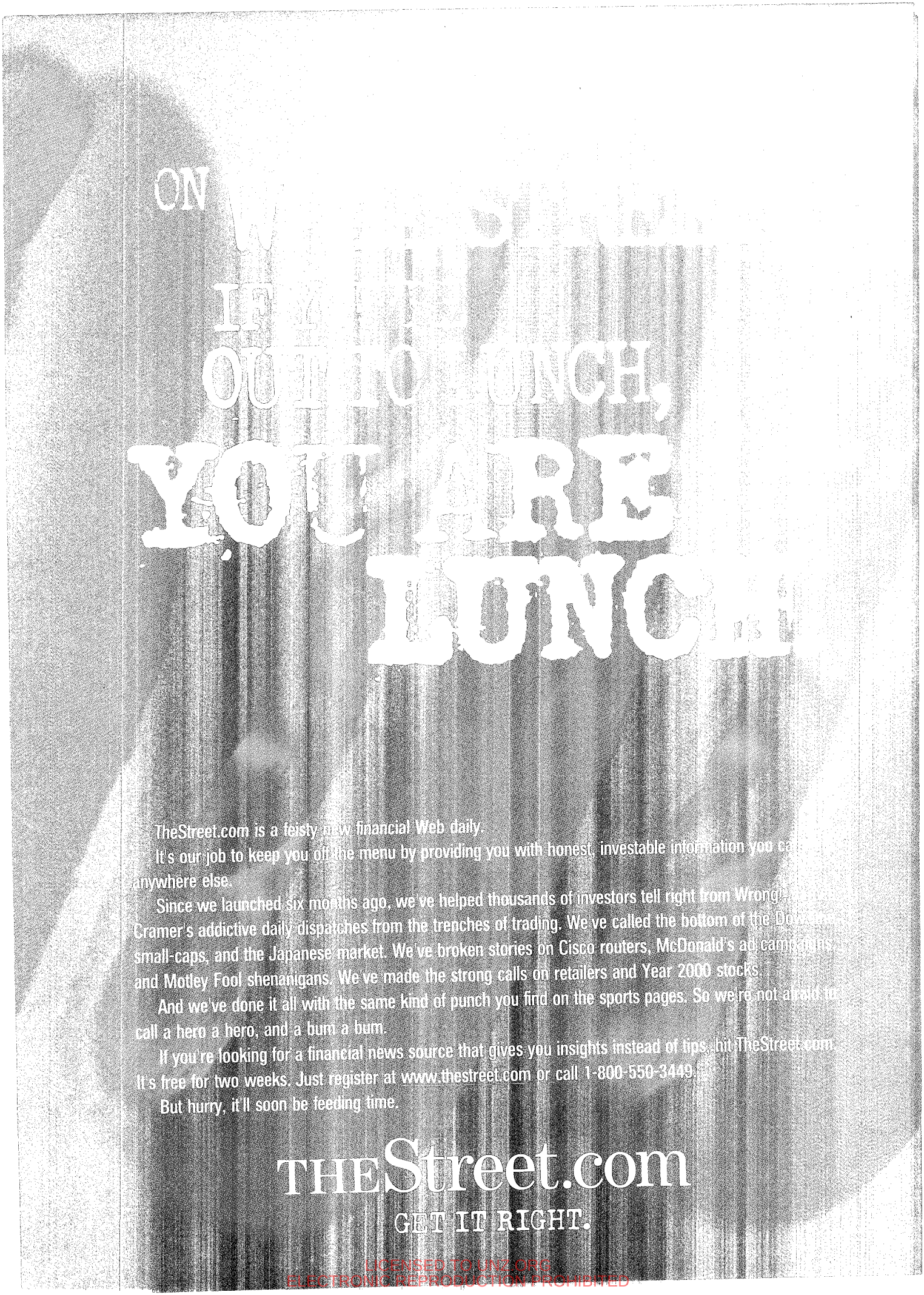
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